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AMBASSADOR PAGE.

Three times and out! President Wilson's third choice for the most important of our diplomatic posts is one that does the highest credit to his intelligence and sound judgment, and the country is to be congratulated upon the acceptance of this exalted position by one who is an embodiment of the finest qualities of American idealism. Mr. Walter Hines Page is a man who will really represent us, and whose name will not seem out of place in the list that includes the names of George Bancroft, Charles Francis Adams, James Russell Lowell, and John Hay. The President's first choice for this post occasioned some misgivings, for Mr. Olney was too deeply implicated in the blustering infamy of the Venezuelan episode of 1897 to seem entirely qualified to serve as the official cementer of cordial relations between the two chief branches of the English-speaking race. The choice of President Emeritus Eliot was not open to any such criticism, and was wholly admirable, except for his advanced age, which would seem to qualify him better for the part of wise counsellor to his fellow-countrymen at home than for his active participation in diplomatic affairs. But neither of these objections, nor any other that occurs to us, can be made to Mr. Page, who is in the prime of life, and who has done nothing to our knowledge which should make him *persona non grata* to any considerable section of the English people.

Not the least conspicuous merit of this appointment is the fact that it puts an end to the period of vulgar ostentation in our London embassy. Mr. Page will not, we are safe in assuming, spend several times his official stipend in the rent of a house. That stipend is a niggardly one, all things considered, but those of our representatives abroad who cut their coats according to the cloth thus provided are the ones who display the truest patriotism and set the finest example. If there is any discredit in the simple living thus conditioned, it is at least not personal; and if it in any way redounds to the disadvantage of the country, the country has the remedy in its own hands. But remembering how well Mr. Phelps served his country a quarter of a century ago in the modest apartment which he occupied, we cannot believe that the

splendors of Dorchester House have given us as a nation any prestige that was worth buying at such a price. The most thoughtful organs of British opinion have been prompt to applaud this appointment and to recognize its significance. The London "Nation" makes the following comment:

"President Wilson has made an interesting experiment. He has boldly reverted to the scholar-diplomat as the type of man most qualified to represent the United States abroad. In doing so he has paid a silent but striking compliment to the good sense of the British people. He has assumed that what we most value in an American ambassador is not his wealth and his ability to lavish it on magnificent houses and huge entertainments, but his personality and his achievements and the extent to which he brings with him the true flavor of American life."

The appointment "fits in with one's conception of what America should be and at her best really is, and it may not be without its usefulness in restoring to London society a more just sense of values." In conclusion, we are assured that Mr. Page "will be recognized as the authentic salt of Americanism, and will gain much and suffer nothing by coming to the London embassy simply on his own merits as a citizen and a servant of the republic."

One important thing to be said about Mr. Page is that he will represent the whole country. A Southerner by birth, whose active years have been spent almost wholly in the North, he has made it his special mission to bind up the nation's wounds, and all his work as editor, publisher, author, and public speaker has been done with an eye to the special needs of the section that has not even yet wholly freed itself from the incubus of the social system that caused the great cataclysm of our history. In his denunciation of the old-time prejudices that yet linger, and in his constructive suggestions for the future, he has made a powerful plea, and one that has not gone unheeded, for the saving ministries of education and industry. Several years ago, he formulated a creed which we will reproduce:

"I believe in the free public training of both the hands and the mind of every child born of woman.

"I believe that by the right training of men we add to the wealth of the world. All wealth is the creation of man, and he creates it only in proportion to the trained uses of the community; and, the more men we train, the more wealth everyone may create.

"I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, in the immortality of democracy, and in growth everlasting."

It is a good creed, even if it does not embody the whole sum of social idealism, and at least implies most of the things that it does not express. And it has this proposition for a corollary: "It is a shining day in any educated man's growth when he comes to see and to know and to feel and freely to admit that it is just as important to the world that the ragamuffin child of his worthless neighbor should be trained as it is that his own child should be."

We do not suggest that our new ambassador is going to lecture the English people on their shortcomings in the matters of education and industry. He could be no more guilty of such tactlessness than of following the amazing example of his chief when the latter recently exacerbated English feeling by injecting his own dogmatic opinions into the field of partisan English political controversy. He will commit no blazing indiscretions for the sake of the Irish or any other vote. But he will be the spokesman of democracy as Lowell was, and like his predecessor, will charm his hearers by the persuasiveness of the gospel that will be implicit in his public utterances. He will represent us at our typical best, as Lowell and Phelps and Bayard and Hay and Choate represented us, and his advances will meet the same generous response that was accorded to those men by all the cultivated and high-minded elements of English society.

In the appointment of Mr. Page the President has given earnest of his disposition to set our diplomatic service upon a high plane of character and intelligence. The number of foreign posts that have been filled by mere politicians or mere plutocrats has of late years been discouragingly large. We believe that the President has a higher conception of these offices than that of using them for the payment of political debts, and that fitness will be the foremost consideration in filling them. Above all, we trust that he will avoid the blunders of sending men to countries of whose language and history they are ignorant. It would perhaps be too much to demand that the Chinese embassy should be filled by a Sinologist, but it is not too much to insist that our representative in almost any European country should be a man having some acquaintance with the language of the country to which he is sent. There is plenty of the right sort of material to choose from, and when a man who does not know Italian or Spanish is sent to Italy or Spain, or when one who does not know Danish or Dutch is sent to Denmark or Holland, it always creates an uneasy suspicion that someone is being rewarded for political services or campaign contributions. The Van Alen scandal still reeks in the American nostrils,

and no President can afford to give us another horrible example of that sort. The character of an administration is perhaps better revealed in its diplomatic appointments than by any other test, and we confidently hope that the President will follow the fine lead which he has given us in his appointment to St. James. From a series of such appointments it will not be a long step to the final goal of our desire — to the goal of a permanent diplomatic service in which demonstrated capacity shall mean life tenure, and every trace of spoils shall disappear from the administration of the State Department.

HISTORIES OF LITERATURE — AND A RECENT EXAMPLE.

What mysterious law of Nature exists which compels a History of English Literature written by an Englishman or an American to be dull, is probably beyond investigation. The fact is there, however. The sprightliest and most vivacious writers, once submitting to the sad mechanic exercise of grinding out chronicles of the intellectual life of our race, become apparently hopeless and produce books calculated to repress the enthusiasm of youth and chill the reasoned ardor of age. Is it because they assume extra-judicial functions in their efforts to balance the claims of a thousand writers, and cease to be light-hearted advocates and appreciators? Or is it because the great masters of literature in such a book appear like painted spaces on a card,— red, yellow, blue, green, scarlet, turquoise,— which the historian revolves slowly, so that they run into each other, yet do not make a dazzling white, only a muddy kind of grey? Or is it because they are like objects in a museum of natural science, and we wander among them and the curator points them out with his wand and seems to triumph over them with his interminable drone, as though to say, "Poor wretches! You were once alive but now you are dead and stuffed and shelved and ticketed in this morgue, and depend entirely on me to rehearse the lively motions of your prime"? Certainly the chief impression one gets from such books is that the writers of the past are dead. The ethereal music and glowing imagery of Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley become thin and ghostlike; the wit of Dryden and Congreve and Pope evaporates; the thronging characters of the novelists and playwrights cannot lift themselves up from the dismal pages. Yet if we only throw our history of literature aside and go to the books it treats of, we find them as much alive as ever. Nothing that is really great in literature ever does die.

Yet there have been histories of English literature, histories of other literatures, which were worth while. Taine's book, being a work of genius, is full of faults. Its central conception of literature as an utterance of a great national organism, leaves out of account the accidental, the inspirational, the universal. And to English readers, at least, there are a thousand errors of proportion and detail. But what vitality, what power! The masters of our verse and prose stride about like gods and giants playing with the dominions of the world; the humblest reader feels the contagion of their force, the lift of their tone, and thinks more nobly of himself because he is sealed of their race. It is a book to breed great writers. Then there is Symonds's "Greek Poets." No doubt there are many persons living who date their knowledge of and love for Greek literature from the reading of this book. Perhaps it is the novel and unfamiliar view-point which makes an alien's opinion of any literature startling and vivifying. Use and custom dull our outlook. We are like people who dwell by a bay of the sea with great hills and mountain ranges piled around us and behind. But always the same peaks jut up in the same place, the same slopes fall down in the same way. The scene becomes monotonous. Then a voyager comes along and invites us to enter his boat and circumnavigate our island or patrol the front of our continent. Immediately the landscape begins to dissolve and recreate. New mountains arise, the old ones change their relation to each other, and everything has a different bearing and aspect. This is the service that such writers as Taine and Brandes do for us.

Mr. Lang's "History of English Literature" is no worse than its precursors of the kind; in some respects it is better. For one thing the glad and tricksy spirit which dominated Lang's style would not always be denied, and often raises him above the official showman's drone. For another thing, though the tone of his whole picture is drab enough, yet, as far as may be, the values are preserved; the proportions are correct. But the work is utterly uninspiring. Even the best sections, those on Shakespeare and Scott, are uninspiring. And Mr. Lang's treatment of the mass of his writers, — well!

> "He is more than usual calm,
> He does n't give a single damn."

There is one matter, however, for which we in America owe the memory of Mr. Lang the sincerest thanks. For the first time, we imagine, in a work of this kind, American writers are used with absolute respect. They are given as full a share of space as their English compeers, and their treatment is not any more colorless. Mr. Lang suggests that we ought to accept Whittier as our national poet. Perhaps this is only his fun. More probably, though, it is a half-unconscious expression of a settled English opinion as to our rights and privileges. A travelling acquaintance of ours has always been very indignant at the citizens of modern Rome because they prefer to live in new and comfortable houses. Ruins are their forte, he insists, and they ought to stick to ruins. Similarly, or conversely, the English demand that American writers should deal with the

new and crude of our country, and leave the rest of the world and the whole backward of time to their own piratical plundering. No one denies the spirit and interest of Whittier's home-made verse; but if he is the best we have had, we are still in the horn-book state of tutelage. If to be a national poet, a writer must deal with home scenes and near times, what national poet has England? It cannot be Spenser, for his scene is laid in Fairyland. Nor Shakespeare, for two-thirds of his plays deal with foreign lands and peoples. Nor Milton, for Hebrew antiquity furnishes the basis for the bulk of his work. Nor Byron, who dealt with Italy and the East. Nor Shelley, nor Keats, nor Tennyson, for they revived the legends and the life of Greece. Less than any other nation has England built its literature up out of its own materials and within its own confines; yet that is what its critics insist upon Americans doing. However, Mr. Lang's suggestion is only a slight one; and, as we have said, his treatment of American authors, if not enthusiastic (he is hardly ever enthusiastic) is eminently fair.

We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Lang, in writing this book, had any idea of changing or reforming the opinions of real lovers of literature. It is a piece of bookwork intended primarily for young students. But herein, it seems to us, resides its danger, and the danger of all such dry-as-dust compilations. If we could point to any one thing calculated to disinherit such students of their rightful estates in the realms of gold, disenchant them with the charm and nobility of great literature, and depress them in their own ambitions, it would be the ordinary school history of literature. The young student does not need a wide knowledge of even our own literature: that will come in time if he begins right. He does not even much need instruction in balancing the claims of innumerable authors. What he needs is inspiration. He needs to have his sensibilities aroused, his enthusiasm awakened. It is better for him if he can come to thrill with the magic of a single poem of Coleridge or Keats than if he knew the dates of every English writer from Anglo-Saxon times to the present, and had their official rating firmly fixed in his mind. The temptation in schools is to substitute a history of literature for literature itself. Always students should be directed to the originals. These need neither be many nor recondite, to guide good taste. The old books of Elegant Extracts, so much ridiculed now, had their uses. They probably helped to breed many generations of real readers. If criticism must be offered to young students it should be the best, the most vivid, the most inspiring. A small volume could be put together of essays by Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Arnold, and Lowell, which would cover the great epochs and major writers of English literature, and which would be more valuable to students than any historic survey on the market.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PROBLEM OF BOOK-DISTRIBUTION in a country so poorly provided with bookshops as our own, and where the carriage of books by mail or express is relatively so expensive, and where also the mere calling of the would-be purchaser's attention by advertisement to the particular book he would gladly buy is so uncertain and difficult and costly, is not the least of the problems every year becoming more perplexing to the American publisher. Mr. George P. Brett, president of the Macmillan Company, dwells at length on this question in a current "Atlantic" article on "Book-Publishing and its Present Tendencies." Although our annual book-production has doubled in twenty years, running now as high as thirteen or fourteen thousand new publications, the total annual sales are little if any in excess of those prevailing in that earlier period; and this, Mr. Brett believes, is due to the inadequacy of our means for getting the books to the people who want them. Even in fiction, which always finds the readiest sale, the increase in production has been attended by no corresponding increase in total circulation. Dr. Edward Everett Hale used to maintain, as Mr. Brett recalls, that no work of general literature had ever been adequately distributed or "published," in the literal sense of that word. The costs of such distribution are prohibitive. Some new and efficient method of bringing books and their most likely purchasers together is what is needed. Where is the inventive genius that shall devise the machinery? In England a classified card-catalogue system of British book-buyers, so far as the names and addresses of such buyers can be obtained, is undergoing trial at the hands of a certain firm of booksellers. Notices of new books likely to interest the person thus catalogued are sent to him from time to time, and results gratifying to all concerned ought to follow. But, as Mr. Brett says, such a plan is far less practicable with our much larger and less stable population. After all is said that can be said on the subject, our publishers should not be made to bear the blame for evils which they, more than anyone else, deplore. They rejoice in the discovery of a meritorious manuscript among the thousands submitted to them, though they can publish only a fiftieth part of such submitted works; and when they do issue a book, their profit on it is commonly about one-half that of the author. The publisher's position is surely no fat-salaried sinecure. As a concluding suggestion on this whole subject, one might query whether an increasingly effective agent of distribution may not be found in the public library. The rather rapid extension of the free-library system, in the founding of new libraries, the multiplication of branches, and the growth of travelling libraries, furnishes a ready means for reaching a constantly enlarging reading public and, to some

extent, a buying public. At any rate, the libraries themselves constitute a purchasing class of no mean proportions, and these proportions are on the increase. European bookshops excel ours in number and excellence, but American public libraries acknowledge no superiors.

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A TOUR DE FORCE IN LIBRARY-RECONSTRUCTION is to be credited to Director J. I. Wyer, Jr., and his corps of assistants at the New York State Library. Two years have passed since the destructive fire in the capitol at Albany almost wiped out of existence the most valuable State collection of books and manuscripts in the country. But the proverbial alacrity in locking the stable door after the horse is stolen showed itself, and an adequate fire-proof building was speedily erected to receive the new collection for which a wisely compliant legislature voted an appropriation of one and a quarter million dollars. The story of the shifts and expedients, the embarrassed labors and the baffling problems, of those intervening months of stress and strain, as told by Mr. Wyer in a recent Report, will convince the most incredulous that even the librarian's life may have elements of strenuosity. Especially interesting is his account of the rescue of charred manuscripts from the glowing embers, at considerable personal risk, and of the restoration of these damaged treasures, so far as restoration was possible. One would like to know what proportion of manuscripts and of books was saved out of the whole collection, but we are merely left to infer that the salvage was inconsiderable. The rapidity with which new books and other material have been bought is marvellous. Complicating the whole situation has been the necessity of conducting the Library School without interruption; but even this, with help from Washington and elsewhere, has been achieved. Librarianism hath her victories no less renowned than certain other callings commonly regarded as more arduous or more heroic.

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MR. GORDON CRAIG'S "SCHOOL FOR THE ART OF THE THEATRE," so inspiringly mapped out in his book of last year, has lately become a reality. When Mr. Craig's mother, Ellen Terry, celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday a few weeks ago, one of the pleasantest features of the day was Mr. Craig's announcement that, through the generosity of Lord Howard de Walden, the projected "School for the Art of the Theatre" was established upon a sound financial basis. This school, as is obvious to anyone familiar with Mr. Craig's theories, will differ essentially from any of the existing dramatic academies. The final plan involves two great divisions. The experimental school, to which Mr. Craig attaches the greater importance, will aim "at infusing the life of imagination into every art and craft connected with the stage, so that fresh vigor will be given to the creative power of those actively connected with the drama." It will gather a body of earnest and thorough workers, who, under Mr. Craig's direction, will undertake theatrical productions in any part of the world. The preliminary work will be done at the school's theatre, where, also, the members of the secondary school for the study of stage crafts will find opportunity for practical work. All students in this course must study speech and movement; and they may choose, in addition, one "elective" from such crafts as costume-making, lighting, preparation of properties, and so on. The course will cover three years, and at the end of the first year examinations will be held to weed out the unfit. Disciples of the feminist movement will be annoyed to find that Mr. Craig absolutely excludes women from his experimental school.

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THE BUFFALO EDUCATIONAL UNION, already noticed by us, is intelligently developing its powers for usefulness. The coöperating bodies are the Society of Natural Sciences, the Fine Arts Academy, the Historical Society, the Grosvenor Library, and the Public Library. Mr. Walter L. Brown, head of the last-named institution, says in his current Report: "This Union has already resulted in several discussions of the field of work and in a better understanding than before existed. The present plans for work are mainly in the direction of publicity. A poster is now being printed picturing and describing the means and kinds of education offered free by these five institutions. It is designed that this poster shall be hung in the schools and in other places where many people gather or where many are employed. A directory of all the means of education available in the City of Buffalo is proposed. Another plan, which the Union has under way, provides for talks illustrated by lantern slides to be given to the pupils of night schools and to club organizations, describing the work of the societies and what they offer to the residents of Buffalo." Probably no other city of the size of Buffalo has its library needs ministered to by so many agencies — branches, deposit stations, school libraries, travelling collections, and so on. These run into the hundreds. There are forty-two "firemen's libraries," to say nothing of hospitals, settlement houses, clubs, police stations, and other societies or institutions that receive special attention from the public library. An interesting statistical summary shows a nearly steady increase, during the last sixteen years, in those figures that a librarian likes to see increase, and an equally steady decrease in that one department of circulation he likes to see decrease,— fiction. From a percentage of 72.7 in 1897 it has declined to 59 in 1912.

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THE COLOR OF WORDS, to those who tend to see all things in terms of color, is very real and often very vivid; and there are probably few persons to whom certain words do not at least suggest brightness and certain other words gloom. Mr. Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist whose oddly characteristic literary style has attracted many readers, entertained and amused most of them, and stirred the unsympathetic merriment of a few, is evidently

one who finds something in words that appeals strongly to sense perception. His article on "Emotion and Etymology" in the April "Atlantic" is a curious study of that quality in words which no mere effort of the intellect can grasp. All-important is the feeling behind the words and showing through them. The ability to make the same vocables express a great variety of meanings by variations of tone and accent is probably more characteristic of the Chinese than of the Japanese. At any rate, it is a peculiarity developed comparatively little in other languages. What Mr. Markino has to say in his essay will interest some readers less than his inimitable manner of saying it. Let us quote a few sentences. "There are quite many people who are over-cautious even when they are among their most sympathetic friends. They are frightened to utter a single word in fear that 'it might make the listeners misunderstand.' These people are evidently trying to make the world deadly dull. It is all through their lack of sense and wisdom as well as sympathy, and I simply get sick of them!" One willingly excuses the triteness of some of Mr. Markino's observations because of their amusing oddity of form. For example: "There is some difference between the public speech and private conversation. Just the right words for the public speech may become too much superfluous for the private conversation. Too much exciting gesture and too many emphasized words are absolutely unnecessary to convey our emotion among a few people. You would not shoot partridges with the twelve-inch gun, would you?" Mr. Markino closes with an able defense of his style against the charge of "pose," and with his reasons for spelling his name as he does rather than without the *r*, as he has been told he ought to do.

* * *

THE TRU-BLU SPELLING-REFORMER will giv a harty welcome to the latest innovations adopted by the Board. He will not be bacward in accepting this further economy of the alfabet now accomplisht by the hed reformers in council assembled. Some of the nu words may look strange, but nothing is too stif in this sort to disharten him. Let others snif or laf or turn away in a huf; he is not of that kidny, and you can safely bet your mony on his stedfastness. All thot of weakening is foren to his nature, and he regards the half-harted with sovren contempt. He writes the nu spellings on the tables of his hart in bold blac inc, the blacer the better. Let those scof who will; by no caitif dout is he ever distraut. Tho there be wailing and nashing of teeth thruout the ranks of the anti-reformers, naut will ever make him untru to the cause. It may be a weary jurny to the complete metamorfosis of our written language, but long enuf hav the unregenerate spellings held undisturbed their ancient rein.——No, THE DIAL has not turned its coat, seamy as is the appearance of the foregoing, but is merely trying to keep itself and its readers at least partially informed of the latest indignities offered to our orthography by certain misguided zealots. One feels moved to ask the spelling-reformer, as Cicero on a certain occasion demanded of Catiline, *Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra? Quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia?*

* * *

A MEMORIAL TO A MASTER OF THE SHORT STORY is likely before long to greet the visitor to North Carolina's new Hall of History and Literature. Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, issues a booklet setting forth the plan and purpose of this memorial. He says: "At the last meeting of the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina a movement was begun for the purpose of preserving memorials of all sorts pertaining to the literature of North Carolina and its makers. In the new Hall of History it is expected that a section will be reserved for Literature. Here may be placed busts, medallions, portraits, miniatures, autograph letters and documents, original manuscripts of literary works, autographed copies of the works of native men and women of letters, etc., etc." The one whose genius it is now proposed to commemorate with a bust or medallion is that favorite of short-story readers, William Sidney Porter, better known as "O. Henry," who was born at Greensboro a little more than fifty years ago, and whose writings have just achieved the distinction (comparatively rare in the case of magazine stories) of a complete edition, in twelve volumes. Contributions for the memorial are solicited, and may be sent to Professor Henderson at Chapel Hill, N. C.

* * *

LURING THE LITTLE FOLK TO THE LIBRARY means, as a rule, the winning of life-long friends to good books. At St. Joseph, Mo., this end is hastened by the distribution of copies of an attractive folder, explanatory and hortatory, among the ten thousand school children of the city; and these folders, going into the homes of some fifty thousand persons, work their charm on others beside the juvenile members of the community. The librarian informs us that, incredible though it may seem, within the first four days after the distribution of the folders began, the demand for books on the part of borrowers showed an increase of fifty-nine per cent. The little sheet contains a short list of "books for young people," one of "books for women," a note on "books for men," a general invitation to the library, with a few words on the freedom of its privileges, a brief note "to the boys and girls," and, under an outline sketch of a St. Joseph little girl absorbed in a book, the following: "Good books are my friends — they bring me wisdom and happiness. In our Public Library I have found hundreds of pleasant books to read. I am only one of over 13,000 others who read there. Are you?"

* * *

THE DECLINING PERCENTAGE OF FICTION in the publisher's output and, to some extent, in the public library's circulation, is attributed to a recent marked increase in the demand for books on such subjects as sociology, economics, useful arts, medicine, hy-

giene, applied science, sports and games, nature-study, and even religion, philosophy, and poetry and the drama. Mr. Fred E. Woodward, of Washington, D. C., has been gathering statistics for "The Literary Digest," and his figures, with accompanying diagrams, are interesting. From them it appears that whereas in 1890 the whole number of books published in this country was 4,559, of which nearly a quarter were works of fiction, in 1912 the whole number had risen to 10,135, of which not quite a tenth part were in that class. Indeed, the decline in novels seems to have been absolute as well as relative,—from 1,118 to 1,010. But the statistician notes 733 reprints among the novels issued twenty-two years ago, while he fails to indicate their number for last year. Thus it may be that new novels are appearing in larger numbers now than formerly; and indeed one must believe this to be so until proof to the contrary is brought forward. The relative decline, however, seems indisputable, and is not to be regretted.

* * *

A SUN-DIAL INTERESTING TO BOOKMEN has been set up in the garden of the Country Life Press at Garden City, Long Island; and an artistic little paper-covered book descriptive of its curious construction is issued by the same press, with the imprint of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Walter Gilliss, the designer of the dial, writes the description, and excellent illustrations are added. "A Printers' Sun Dial" is the title of the treatise, and it tells how the dial came to be erected, how the Gutenberg Bible, as the first of printed books and the "Book of Books," was chosen for representation on its face, and how the marks of twelve early printers were selected for the twelve hour spaces. No expense seems to have been spared in making the dial a thing of beauty and a most solid and lasting construction. Its pedestal extends three and a half feet below the surface of the ground, to ensure against disturbance by frost, and concrete, cement, and brass are the materials used, with a perdurable composition of an unnamed sort as filling for the engraved lettering on the open pages of the Bible, which itself is said to be exactly reproduced from the fifty-thousand-dollar copy secured at the late Hoe sale by Mr. Henry E. Huntington. Appreciative visitors are welcome in the "cedar room," as it is called, of the beautiful garden where the Printers' Sun Dial is to be seen.

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THE STORY OF A RARE COPY OF "AL AARAAF," an early product of Poe's pen, is going the rounds. Two women, mother and daughter, both of advanced age, living in Washington, D. C., called in a local dealer in second-hand books a few weeks ago to appraise a small collection of their own. But it held nothing to attract the eye of a connoisseur, and he was about to depart when he chanced to notice a pasteboard-bound volume serving in place of a lost caster to a bureau in the room. "What's this?" he asked, stooping to look at the book. "Oh, that's nothing," replied the daughter. "It's by Mr. Poe. He used to call on Adeline and Alvina Wolfe, two women who lived in Baltimore, and he gave it to them. It fell very flat when it was published." The book proved to be a first edition of "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (Baltimore, 1829), a copy of which recently sold, it is said, for twenty-seven hundred dollars at auction; and the dealer could have had the thing for the price of a new caster. But he chanced to be a man of honor, and so he paid the poor women two thousand dollars, being glad enough to secure the treasure at that price.

COMMUNICATION.

"AIN'T I."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Wallace Rice, in the latest issue of THE DIAL, speaking of the colloquial use of "are n't I" and "an't I," remarks: "A later and still more illiterate form is *ain't*." It is rather odd to find in Charles Lamb's writings not infrequent use of this vulgarism, not only in his letters but also in his more serious works. I suspect it will be found not to be a later form but as old as spoken English. I have heard it on the lips of men and women of comparatively high culture in the country districts of Maine, where it is also used as a contraction for "are not" and "is not,"—as for example, "ain't you going?" and "'t ain't neither." In the same way "hain't" is used for "have not" and "has not,"—as in "I hain't seen her," "Hain't John got one?"

I must confess to a lingering fondness for these delightful old colloquialisms. All kinds of dialects are interesting, and the dying "Yankee dilact" which Lowell treated so sympathetically and which one may occasionally come across even now in out-of-the-way places has a flavor particularly its own. My Uncle Isaiah, who was one of the most particular of men and who at his death left in manuscript a universal Grammar of half a dozen different languages—working on it served him in place of a lung for many years!—sometimes in his speech fell instinctively into the old habit of saying "ain't" and doubling his negatives, as if he were speaking Greek, which he knew as few men do. Up till within a few years in Templeton, Massachusetts, there were relics of the local dialect of the English district from which the early settlers came. At Ogunquit, Maine, until recently an isolated fishing-village, you still hear "the natives" speak of a man as a "cutter," though they call an animal a "critter." The mother of a patriarchal family, when some surprise was expressed by a summer visitor at the number of her offspring, remarked: "Yes, 't is a fruitsome place." Even our characteristic or supposedly characteristic American humor, that of exaggeration upwards or downwards, is really an importation. An early sixteenth century writer in one of his books speaks of the Atlantic Ocean as "the ditch"!

I vastly prefer "ain't" for "am not" to the wretched French idiom beginning with "it was," followed by "that" instead of "when," *i.e.*, "It was on the sixteenth of June that he came." It may be occasionally effective to introduce a clause with "It was . . . that," but its universal and spreading use in newspapers, magazines, and books, with sometimes four or five instances of it in a single page, is excessively annoying to one who likes a clear concise style. It is like a blight ruining idiomatic English.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Boston, April 6, 1913.

The New Books.

A New England Worthy of the 17th Century.*

More than seventy years ago the late Mr. John Wingate Thornton began a loving study of the history of his ancestor, Daniel Gookin; more than thirty-five years ago this work was taken up by his kinsman, Mr. Frederick William Gookin. The exhaustive record of the Gookin family in America, and of its descendants, which resulted has proved as yet too extensive for publication. The privately printed Life of Major General Daniel Gookin, lately issued in Chicago, would alone justify all the pious care bestowed on the subject through two generations.

In all respects the book is admirable: to the eye, at first, as one delights in the beauty of its printed pages; to the mind, as one perceives the compact solidity of its substance and the secure certainty of its composition; to the finer æsthetic sense, as one begins to feel the implicit excellence of its style, never obtrusive and never inadequate, an almost imperceptible vehicle of the meaning which comes straight to the reader with no conscious effort in the reading. Above all, it is admirable in its full and final effect. The name of Daniel Gookin has hitherto been little more than a name to those who knew it at all; to any who read this book it must surely become the token of an individual life, bravely lived and singularly typical of what we love to believe most deeply characteristic of the America he helped to found.

Among the worthies of our seventeenth century, Daniel Gookin was almost unique in being at once of Virginia and of New England, in both colonies a man of rank. He sprang from a family of Kentish gentry, of which the origin and the affiliations are in this book abundantly recorded. His father, courageously adventurous in the full spirit of Elizabethan adventure, settled himself for a while in Ireland, in the very year when Shakespeare died; five years later he was in Virginia, on his own adventure, with fifty colonists under him; and when in March, 1622, a rising of the Indians drove the other planters to shelter, "only Master Gookins at Nuport's-news would not obey the Commissioners' command in that, though he scarce had five and thirty of all sorts with him, yet he thought himself sufficient against what could happen, and so did, to his great credit." Ten years later he died in Ireland. At that time two of his sons, neither more than twenty years old, were probably on his Virginian estates. John died there in November, 1643, being about thirty years of age; his tombstone is the oldest now legible at Church Point, Lynn Haven. Daniel, the subject of the volume before us, survived to the age of seventy-five; and lies in the old graveyard of Cambridge in Massachusetts, opposite the gates of Harvard College.

He had removed to New England just about the time of his brother's death. Puritan in conviction, as were most of his English kinsfolk, he had found himself unwilling to live under the Virginian Act of Conformity. Arrived in Massachusetts, he had presently become there a man of consideration. His first intimate friendship, which was life-long, seems to have been with the celebrated John Eliot, minister of Roxbury, and still remembered as the "Apostle to the Indians." In Eliot's noble philanthropy Daniel Gookin was his most constant associate throughout; to the end, Gookin's devotion to the welfare of the New England Indians remained faithful. This alone would have made him memorable; so would the record of his other and constant public services. Being "a very forward man to advance Marshal discipline, and withal the truths of Christ," he was for some forty years captain of the train-band of Cambridge; and in 1681 he was made Major General, or commander-in-chief of all the military forces of the colony. Meanwhile he was often a deputy to the General Court and for a time its speaker; he was for a long time Assistant, or one of the Council of eighteen magistrates to whom, with the Governor and Deputy Governor, the government of the colony was entrusted. During a visit to England in 1655, he had been charged by Cromwell, apparently in person, with the fruitless task of endeavoring to persuade good people of New England to transfer themselves as colonists to the newly captured island of Jamaica. During another visit abroad, just before the Restoration, he had been for a while Collector of Customs and Deputy Treasurer at War in Dunkirk. He finally returned to New England in the same ship with the regicide judges, Goffe and Whalley. Thenceforth to the end there, the record of his life is one of unbroken devotion to public duty, in no aspect more excellent than when, during the panics of King Philip's War, he stoutly de-

* Daniel Gookin, 1612–1687, Assistant and Major General of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. His Life and Letters and Some Account of His Ancestry. By Frederick William Gookin. Illustrated. Chicago: Privately printed.

fended, in the face of popular clamor, the rights of such Indians as had not proved themselves hostile or treacherous. He had planned the writing of a History of New England. Of this only two fragments remain, probably all he ever finished. Both deal with the New England Indians—one to the year 1674, the other during the three years ensuing; the former was published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1792, the latter by the American Antiquarian Society in 1836. It is by these publications that he has hitherto been known, so far as he has been known at all. The book now before us, faithfully collecting and collating what letters and documents of his and concerning him remain, at last revives his worthy memory.

What Mr. F. W. Gookin writes of him sums him up best:

"Altruism is of all the virtues the most difficult to acquire and practice. It is also the hardest for the selfish multitude to fathom. . . . Had Daniel Gookin's talents been devoted to his own advancement, he might be better known to the world at large. Instead he chose the nobler part. . . . In whatever aspect [his] life and character be regarded, he stands the test of the most rigid scrutiny. . . . His mind was that of a statesman. The public documents prepared by him attest his sagacity and skill, the breadth of his outlook, and his understanding of his fellow men. . . . The calm certainty of his judgment is a salient trait. . . . Though never vacillating, he was never rash. . . . What he had to say he set down in a simple and direct manner. His concern was with the substance of his remarks rather than with their form. [And] from the inflexible firmness with which [he] stood for every specific right of the colonists he has been called 'the originator and prophet of that immortal dogma of our national greatness—no taxation without representation.'"

When he died in Cambridge on the 19th of March, 1686–7, the colony had lost its charter; the pristine theocracy in which he believed had fatally fallen; the causes for which he had lived seemed desperate. But, if we may credit Sewall's dream of him, his courage never failed:

"Sabbath, Dec 30th 1688

"Last night I dreamed of military matters, Arms and Captains, and of a suddain Major Gookin, very well clad from head to foot, and of a very fresh, lively countenance—his Coat and Breeches of blood-red silk, beckened me out of the room where I was to speak to him. I think 't was from the Toun-house."

All that was more than two centuries ago. More than once between whiles, as to many nowadays, the outlook of our country has seemed dark and threatening. Beyond all things else, such faithfulness to duty as Daniel Gookin's has kept alive what we still love to believe the true spirit of ancestral America. As we, of his children, look back on his memory, there can surge up no more fervent hope than that in times to come the children who shall spring from us may find us worthy of the traditions which, for our little while, we hold in trust from him.

BARRETT WENDELL.

IRISH PLAYS AND PLAYERS.*

The Irish Players have recently finished their second American tour,—not counting the Fay brothers' earlier engagement to furnish curtain-raisers for a conventional farce-comedy, under the Frohman management. Their appearances this winter have witnessed no recurrence of the riotous disapproval that greeted the first American performances of "The Playboy" a year ago. As far as we know, Lady Gregory, though she accompanied the Players again this winter, has given no more lectures on the Irish Literary Renaissance and the Abbey Theatre movement. Lady Gregory's talks last year were explanatory and more or less defensive. The necessity for defending the Players, or their plays, is now happily past; America has accepted the Irish Players and the Irish drama as a characteristic and altogether delightful feature of the contemporary theatre. The American audiences have not always been large, but they have been, like the Dublin audiences, eager and constant attendants; and, if opportunity is given, we feel sure that, like the Dublin audiences, they will grow; for a person of discrimination who has seen the Irish Players once, will come and bring his friends to see them through their repertory. And the next year, if they repeat their performances, he will repeat his.

The account of a large and vital movement before lecture audiences must of necessity be brief and incomplete. Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats satisfied only in small measure the curious interest that the Irish Players,—with their naturalness, their eloquence, their dignity, their versatility, the convincing impression they give of being actors born, not made,—had aroused in us. And now the spoken words of Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory have been worthily supplemented by more detailed and comprehensive accounts of the whole dramatic movement in Ireland, from the pen of Mr. Cornelius Weygandt. Mr. Weygandt, from the vantage-point of an American University, has followed the Irish revival with sympathy and interest from its beginnings; and he has come close to it by repeated visits to London and Dublin, and by

*IRISH PLAYS AND PLAYWRIGHTS. By Cornelius Weygandt. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

friendly intercourse with many of the leaders of the movement. "Irish Plays and Playwrights" is therefore written from a point of view that delightfully combines sympathy and understanding with the breadth of view and the detachment essential to the success of so detailed a study. It is a book to delight all good lovers of Irish drama, and to bring it to the attention of many drama-lovers who have hitherto ignored the Irish playwrights. Portraits of a dozen or more of these writers, with one of Sara Allgood, the "leading lady" of the Abbey Company, add vividness and interest to the text.

Mr. Weygandt, easily recognizing the source of American interest in his subject to be the Irish Players, wisely begins his work — after a brief general survey of the theme — with a chapter on "The Players and their Plays, their Audience and their Art." His estimate of the Abbey Theatre's achievement, the history of which he traces with understanding and lucidity, is summed up in his concluding tribute:

"I think the dramatic movement the most significant part of the Celtic Renaissance, a movement to me the most original movement in letters the world has known since that movement in Norway which so definitely stimulated it, a movement that gave Björnson and Ibsen to the world."

That the Abbey Theatre and its modest predecessors gave the dramatic literature its reason for being, furnishing a poet and dreamer like Yeats, a genius like Synge, a practical reformer like "A. E.," and patriotic Irish writers such as are nearly all the Abbey playwrights, with an opportunity, and even with a demand for Irish drama that could not but put them to work, is Mr. Weygandt's excuse, if one were needed, for beginning where he does. In succeeding chapters dealing with Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory, Mr. Edward Martyn and Mr. George Moore, the four founders of the Abbey Theatre; with Mr. George W. Russell ("A. E."), who shares with Dr. Douglas Hyde the honor of having inspired the Celtic revival; with John Millington Synge,—in Mr. Weygandt's opinion "the greatest dramatist in English that our stage has known in a century"; with the younger dramatists, Messrs. Colum, Boyle, Robinson, Mayne, and the rest; and finally with William Sharp, friend of Mr. Yeats and "A. E.," writer for the Irish stage, and chief commentator in the English reviews on the work of the Irish writers: in the course of these studies there is drawn an increasingly clearer picture of the movement. Relationships are explained, plays are sketched, ideals developed, purposes made plain. And all this is done with enthusiasm tempered by a discriminating judgment trained by the study of drama in many languages and of many schools.

Possessing sympathy and fine feeling, Mr. Weygandt is naturally able to express his critical estimates in a fashion to make them appeal strongly. Apropos of a meeting with Mr. Yeats at Lady Gregory's hospitable country-house, he writes thus of the poet of "the Other World":

"There is a side of Irish life, the side the world knows best, that Mr. Yeats does not present, but that which he does present is true, though the poet's personality is so dominant that we get more of this than of Ireland in his poetry. So it should be, so it is with every artist. All the world can ask of him is his interpretation of what he knows. Yet so native is Mr. Yeats that the atmosphere of his poetry is the very atmosphere of Ireland. The artist and the setting of his art are in an unwonted harmony. No reader of Mr. Yeats who knows the brooding landscape of West Ireland can escape that realization, but only he who has met the poet amid the scenes that inspired his verse may know how complete is their accord. Such a meeting was mine one lowering August day, in whose late afternoon we walked in the Woods of Coole. Then I knew at last what Mr. Yeats meant by 'druid charm' and 'druid light.' I felt the 'druid charm' that was potent in gray skies over gray water and gray rock and gray-green woods; the bewildering 'druid light' flashed out as the sun followed westward the trail to Hy Brasil, leaving in the Atlantic skies wild after-glow of winter yellow."

And thus, with fine discrimination, does he sum up the wild, erratic genius of the poet-playwright Synge:

"The freshness and audacity of his imagination, and the beautiful extravagance of his speech,— a speech modulated to a rhythm that Synge was the first to catch, are in themselves enough to give distinction to almost any subject. There was granted Synge more than this, however,— a keenness of vision into the pathetic humanity of ugly things and a power to realize this with a beauty that was granted to no one before, though to Swift it was granted to see the ugliness as a bitter thing. Borrow had, indeed, a glimpse now and then of the pathetic beauty there is in ugliness, . . . and Whitman, too; but no man before Synge had the power at once to see the ugly subject as beautiful from a new angle of vision, humanize it, irradiate it with a new glow of imagination, reveal it through a style that for the first time ennobles English prose drama as blank verse has long ennobled English verse drama."

Mr. Weygandt has put us deeply in his debt for a study of the Irish plays at once exact and interesting, dramatic and carefully proportioned. Lovers of Irish mysticism and lyric poetry will find his point of view, notably upon Synge, "Fiona Macleod," and Messrs. Yeats and Russell, broad enough to include much that, while contributing indirectly to the poetic feeling that

gives grandeur to the Irish drama, still would lie outside a narrower and slighter conception of the subject. Mr. Weygandt's essays belong to the vital literary output of the year.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

A REALISTIC PROGRAMME AND PLATFORM.*

The temper of the speculative science of the latter half of the nineteenth century was marked by nothing so much, perhaps, as by the qualities of caution and of humility. Concerning the primacies and ultimacies of existence it bowed its head and said, "Agnosco." To it the "real" was the "unknowable," and its unknowable shapes were unknowably protean. Nothing, again, is so striking in the temper of the speculative religion of the same period as *its* caution and humility. Concerning the ultimacies and primacies of existence, it contented itself with "I believe." Its attitude was assumptive and positive where that of science was skeptical and negative, its sentiment fideistic where that of science was agnostic. Dogmatism had gone from both, and seemed to have gone forever. Speculative thinking had acquired an unprecedented lability, attributable chiefly to the victorious confirmation of Darwinism and the entry of "evolution" into the commonsense and the vocabulary of the daily life.

Darwinism carried within itself, however, the embryo of a renewed dogmatism. Regarding all things from the standpoint of natural selection and the struggle for survival, it inevitably implied that intellect and thinking are a biological function having for aim the survival of the thinker, and that consequently intellection is merely derivative, secondary, symbolic, while those aspects of our nature which are biologically prior, which are non-reflective, are more akin to the stuff and inward *go* of reality, and hence more able to apprehend it. This hypothesis got considerable confirmation from the experimentation in biology and the psychological analysis in religion which ensued close upon the fading of the war of words. They made prominent two points. First, that living matter seemed to contain something altogether refractory to laboratory methods and elusive to scientific analysis. Second, that religious experience seemed to reveal something altogether refractory to the methods of psychological experimentation and the logic of science. In both, this refractory something seemed to be a thing potent to determine the nature and constitution of what was amenable; in both it seemed a thing fluid, fleeting, always escaping thought, and somehow so altering what did not escape as to vitiate all of thought's conclusions concerning that. Intuition, will, whatever acts, could touch it; intellect never.

Events like these are clearly not calculated to keep speculative religion humble in belief. Science fails, it boasted triumphantly, science fails again and again. Thought cannot tell. It is a mean thing, surely nothing more than *ancilla vitæ*. And in my deeps, my religious experiences, my operations and intuitions, there is no thought, there is the very reality itself in all its effulgent bliss and power. I need no longer be confined to belief. I have a way of knowing. I do know, and knowing, I am saved forever.

From *ancilla vitæ* to *ancilla theologiæ* is but a change of words: for is not God always described as the source of life and love, their very substance and efficacy? and the change of words is easily and fluidly made. The outcome of the change is the dominant systematic philosophies of the present day. Vary as these may in background, personal flavor, and literary character, they are unanimous in the vitalistic criticism of science and intellect and the dogmatic assertion of a saving "spiritual force" knowable in non-intellectual ways. The modernisms of both Protestant and Catholic theology, the obscurantistic sentimentalism of Eucken, the somewhat transcendental evolutionism of Bergson, are all at one in these matters, however else they may differ otherwise.

The apparent shortcomings of science in biology and the psychology of religious experience were, however, more than balanced by her astonishingly rich positive results in mathematics and in the "new" psychology, fields of enormous philosophic interest. The latter succeeded in analyzing experimentally into objective relations of space, time, and motion even so purely "subjective" and psychological entities as secondary qualities like color and so on. The former became experimental and empirical, even with respect to arithmetical systems, and proceeded to reconstruct the great continua of space and time, the complexities of causality, of motion,—and promises to reconstruct organic existence—out of simpler and simpler elements,

* THE NEW REALISM. Coöperative Studies in Philosophy. By Edwin B. Holt, Walter T. Marvin, William Peppernell Montague, Ralph Barton Perry, Walter B. Pitkin, and Edward Gleason Spaulding. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ultimately, out of instants of time and points of space, with the relations between them. Neither the achievements of psychology nor of mathematics were so easy of accomplishment nor so unanimous as the critical analyses of the biologizing and religionistic tempers. The mathematicians are divided into two schools—intuitionists and formalists, and it is only for the formalists that the reconstruction of reality from mathematical entities is an assured and real thing. And psychologists are far from agreed on the "independent" reality of secondary qualities, and on the identity of their underlying constitutions with the elements of space and of time.

A new scientific dogmatism, consequently, which should confront the new theological dogmatism, had of necessity to be somewhat slower in getting under way than its opponent. For one thing, its task is harder: for its task is that of constructive analysis, whereas religionistic dogmatism has primarily that of destructive criticism. For another, it is compelled to pay close attention to the course of experience and to exhibit the harmony of its reconstructions with every detail of experience, whereas its opponent need and does merely attach the epithet "appearance" to experience, and then apply to its own desiderated dogmas the eulogium of "reality." However, slow as the new scientific dogmatism was in coming, it is here at last. And it is here in the shape of this co-operative philosophical enterprise, "The New Realism."

The essays herein brought together are uneven in stylistic quality and philosophic value, varying as they do from the clumsy, redundant, inaccurate, and question-begging rehashing of mathematical commonplaces by Mr. Spaulding to the incisive, epigrammatic, and somewhat bad-tempered though highly original contribution on the reality of illusions and hallucinations by Mr. Holt. But the book as a whole represents a systematically developed body of doctrine, which is perhaps the most significant philosophic utterance in the English-speaking world since the publication of William James's "Pragmatism." It marks the fact that the cohorts have gathered again, that the dogmas of sentimentalism are again confronted by the dogmas of intellectualism, and that the era of agnosticism in science, even as the era of mere belief in religion, is at an end. Again men are assured they *know*. The truce is over and the immemorial war between sentiment and sense is on again.

The book therefore is not only a citadel of intellectualism, it is an attack as well. Its novelty, which lies there, consists rather in the radical use it makes of its doctrines than in these doctrines as such. Its most interesting hypothesis—that of the reality of illusions, of secondary qualities—is common to all materialisms. It is a commonplace of the Epicurean systems, and Lucretius devotes the major part of Book IV., in "De Rerum Natura" to a demonstration of this reality. Hobbes offers analogous arguments both in the "Leviathan" and "De Corpore." The "New Realism" differs from these older materialisms in its sources rather than its conclusions. Like these, it is synchronous with changes in mathematical methods and discoveries; and, like them, it is enamoured of mathematical rigor in demonstration that reality can be analyzed into mathematical elements and can be reconstructed from those elements. It asserts, indeed, as did Spinoza, that all existence can be treated in mathematical terms, and when it has cleared away the objections of the enemy will proceed to do so.

New Realism offers itself first as a polemic. To it, the whole philosophic doctrine of the opposition is vitiated by one or more fallacies—the fallacy of believing that because you must be aware of the thing you know, your knowing the thing creates it; the fallacy of supposing a thing to be simple when it really is n't or may not be; the fallacy of supposing that a thing can have only one character at a time, so that T. R. cannot be a father and an American citizen at the same time; the fallacy of assuming that the beginning of a thing determines its nature; the fallacy of supposing that there must be an all-inclusive something, in which all things are united; the fallacy of verbal suggestion, appearing in such terms as "Eternal," "infinite," "highest," "Unity"; the fallacy of attributing importance to a thing which does n't really have it.

To avoid these fallacies common to all philosophies, neo-realism proposes the scrupulous use of words, the most careful definition of the terms it uses, rigorous analysis, regard for logical form; particularly, division of the question, and the formulation of all points of explicit agreement among philosophers. It proposes, furthermore, "the separation of philosophical research from the study of the history of philosophy." Neo-realism proposes, in a word, mathematical rigor in method. It suggests the starting-point of a new scholasticism,—the scholasticism of science. As such, it offers itself as a common platform to the special

sciences, as a coördinator, synthesizer, and generalizer of them, in a real world metaphysically plural in which cognition has the rôle of an external relation of the organizer to an independent environment; in which, that is, knowledge does not constitute or alter the nature of what is known.

"The world is of an articulate structure that is revealed by analysis, consisting of complexes, like bodies, persons, and societies as well as of simples. The simple constituents of the world comprise both sensible qualities and logical constants. Both enter into the tissue of fact, and both possess an inherent and inalienable character of their own. There is no safe refuge from this conclusion in the abandonment of intellectual rigor. Hence all speculative versions of the world that require the withholding of analysis, or that depend on the unique and preëminent status of the act of cognition, must be rejected, no matter how eagerly they may be desired for the justification of faith. They must be rejected in favor of such hypotheses as may be formulated in terms of the evident composition of the known world, and verified by its actual interrelations, history, and trend."

The book consists from here on of an elaboration of this dogma. Inasmuch as epistemology is the stronghold of the idealistic conception of the world, Mr. Walter T. Marvin shows that metaphysics is independent of epistemology. Since, in epistemology, the argument for idealism turns on the conception that the things we know depend for their existence on our knowing them, it becomes needful to demonstrate that being known and being dependent are not the same, and that conversely being known is a case of "independence." This makes needful a definition of independence, which Mr. Ralph Barton Perry supplies, not altogether successfully. Since the new dogmatic sentimentalism bases so much of its construction on the criticism of intellect and analysis, there is needful a defense of analysis. This is made by Mr. Edward Gleason Spaulding, but it is error to think that analysis is any better off when he is done. With Mr. Spaulding's work the road is cleared, and the constructive papers begin. The first, by Mr. William Peppernell Montague, offers a "realistic theory of truth and error" unusually like Spinoza's, and unusually out of sympathy with the conceptions of his comrades of the book. Then follow Mr. Edwin B. Holt's papers on the place of illusory experience in a realistic world, and Mr. Walter B. Pitkin's paper on "Some Realistic Implications of Biology." Both are hard and too compact, but they are well worth the effort of reading. The upshot of their keen analyses is the mathematization of the universe, but it has still to be shown that a universe aboriginally through and through mathematical is not quite as wonderful a piece of imagination as a universe aboriginally through and through psychological. And there is *some* advantage in being able to build on facts instead of being compelled to deny them.

HORACE MEYER KALLEN.

THE GENESIS OF ENGLISH CHIVALRY.*

Chivalry as a living force in modern civilization, as a guide to conduct, and as an inspiration to nobler conceptions of human duty is the theme of Professor Schofield's new volume, which is an amplification of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne and at the University of Copenhagen. In his Introduction the author says:

"My object in these lectures is to show, if I can, by an examination of the life and works of four celebrated English writers, how the ideal of French chivalry entered into English literature and thereby affected the attitude of the English-speaking world. . . . I shall endeavour, in sum, to indicate the genesis of the idea conveyed by the English word 'gentleman,' with all that it suggests in our use."

Much enthusiasm will be awakened by the sensitive and high-minded way in which Professor Schofield has illuminated certain of the ideals of chivalry, and has indicated their share in forming the ethical standards of a race famous for courage and honor. Sketching briefly the essential details of biography, he proceeds to point out the specific illustrations of chivalric ideals in the work of Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare, and to phrase each author's peculiarly individual attitude towards mediæval chivalry.

There is something pleasantly paradoxical in this spectacle of an American defining to a French audience the way in which the English race has refined and polished French ideals. Comparative literature is fast breaking down our preconceived notions about sharply-defined racial differences of imagination, and we are emerging from our bigoted belief in instinctive national virtues; yet there is danger that we may be led astray by apostles who discover too many resemblances and too much consanguinity in interpreting a theme. This, in some degree, is a fault of Professor Schofield's book, for he fails to do justice, in his study of chivalry, to those qualities which are derived not from French but from Germanic sources. He says, quite

*CHIVALRY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, Shakespeare. By William Henry Schofield, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University. "Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature," Vol. II. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

specifically (p. 272): "In Northern heathendom, warriors were sturdy, but they believed in brag; they were straightforward, but given to ferocity; to them revenge was a duty, and sweet." Was Roland free from brag, were Arthur and Launcelot and Gawain free from ferocity, was revenge a duty to Charlemagne after Roland's death? Surely a dispassionate reader will find in Beowulf a courtesy, a graciousness, a love of truth and steadfastness as noble as in any French knight. The German stock does not yield to the French in stability of purpose, in grim determination and perseverance, and we will not cede to the French complete domination over our ideals of "Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye." It must be remembered that the words *trouthe* and *fredom* (generosity) are Saxon by derivation, by inheritance, and by loyal service.

The essay on Chaucer seems the most satisfactory, partly because Chaucer is closer to the mediæval world, and partly because it is less difficult to choose the significant aspects of his work. The account of Chaucer's life and the exposition of his spiritual development are excellent, for here are classified many traits in Chaucer which have hitherto been treated obscurely. Special note should be taken of Professor Schofield's observations upon the French source of Chaucer's description of the knight. This is a contribution to Chaucerian scholarship that will not soon be forgotten.

Next in order of importance is the account of Spenser, for here the mood of the Renaissance is interpreted very eagerly and appealingly by the author, who "through infusion sweet" is quick to appreciate the philosophy of the poet. Genuine admiration and scholarly understanding characterize this study of Spenser.

To Malory and to Shakespeare the author has not given as significant treatment as to the other two writers, and in these discussions appears a flaw in his presentation of chivalry. No true conception of the mediæval knight can ignore the part which warfare occupied in his life. In serving his God, his lord, and his lady, he had, perforce, to do battle, furious and bloody. The *chevalier* was a warrior, and in Spenser's "Faerie Queene" we read again and again how

"He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht."

Our modern repugnance to war cannot excuse us from placing a proper emphasis upon this crude and bloody element in mediæval chivalry. The beauty of Malory's book lies very largely in his pictures of the brilliant pageantry of battle, where struggling, baffled, yearning knights blunder along their mortal pathway and slowly learn that spiritual strength was his "who only overcame himself." The militant note in chivalry should be more strongly emphasized, for the warring and crusading strength of the knight has been a high ideal to many a modern Englishman who has scorned to sit in noble contemplation while there were wrongs to be righted by action.

In the essay on Shakespeare it is unavoidable that there should be unevenness, and that topics should be merely touched upon rather than developed adequately. While there is much that is true and suggestive in the study of Shakespeare's conception of *honor*, and in the account of his presentation of *love* from the chivalric point of view, it seems as if Professor Schofield conveys an impression of far deeper obligation than Shakespeare ever owed to chivalry. Could any foreigner, hearing this account, doubt that Shakespeare was essentially imitative? It is because Shakespeare so supremely exceeded his traditions and his reading, because he went so profoundly to the original heart of things, that it is unfair to trace his conceptions of honor and of love back to knightly codes. If he does use the diction associated with chivalry, he is not indebted to that for his ideals. From Plutarch and from Homer, as well as from French chivalry, did Shakespeare derive ideals of honor and of noble loyal love, but his own imaginative penetration was the formative element in his philosophy of true gentility. Either less should be said about chivalry or more about his original and distinctive outlook, if we are to have a right opinion of Shakespeare's philosophy of honor.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD.

WOMAN AND THE SOCIOLOGISTS.*

Twenty-five years ago, when sociology was in its infancy, great were the victories predicted for the "new science" when it should achieve maturity. Taking the field of sociology at large, this prediction will doubtless be accomplished. But in so far as the woman question is concerned, the formal literature of professional sociologists

* WOMAN IN MODERN SOCIETY. By Earl Barnes. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

WOMAN AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By Scott Nearing and Nellie M. S. Nearing. New York: The Macmillan Co.

WHY WOMEN ARE SO. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WOMAN'S SHARE IN SOCIAL CULTURE. By Anna Garlin Spencer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

gives the reader pause. In other sciences the body of fact is larger, the liberty of personal interpretation on important points much less. This should work out to enrich the reference and text books on this subject; what really happens is that they tend to become a little dry and erratic, this tendency being obviously limited in accordance with the insight, depth of nature, and extent of experience of the individual author. You cannot write conclusively or acceptably, for the mature mind, about woman's place in the social order without these three qualifications. It is rare that the academic sociologist possesses them all in over-flowing measure, and yet he needs them greatly. He has in his hands a most powerful lever affecting human action. It will not matter very much in after-life if the college-student should accept unsound doctrine in physics or geology or even biology, but if he accepts it in sociology it may matter greatly. It is perhaps for the best that youth grows less docile under instruction in these latter days!

Sociological speculation is probably as desirable as it is inevitable, but it is equally desirable that there should be some line of demarcation in teaching between the body of facts common to all in the profession, and the purely personal interpretation of them. One finds illustrations of individual bias even in the most open-minded writers. "The Woman in Modern Society," by Professor Earl Barnes, is lucid, cautious, and sane beyond the wont of such studies, but the author regards the modern family as one of our institutional forms much in need of revision. Though he is as far as possible from irrational denunciation of any of civilization's existing moulds, he seems to think that marriage as it is must eventually go to the scrap-heap. He is especially opposed to any sacramental theory of marriage, regarding this as entirely a church-made product resting upon theological dogma. The young person studying these pages would never guess that the Church did not "make marriage a sacrament" by arbitrary fiat, but, instead, acknowledged openly a secret human belief whose roots run down to the core of being. Such beliefs may change their names or their forms, but they do not pass away. They remain to be reckoned with while civilizations rise and fall, and sociologists needs must reckon with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Nearing's "Woman and Social Progress" is simply and clearly written, as for beginners in thinking. It discusses in lively fashion the influences that have shaped the American woman, with especial reference to the breadth of her present opportunities and her best use of them. Young readers will find it sincere and helpful, especially in the chapters dealing with woman's opportunity through eugenics, education, domesticity, and philanthropy. The authors wisely recognize that a woman's best work will be done with the grain of her tastes and characteristics rather than against it; but the older reader wonders how they harmonize the sweeping statement that "some industrial occupation is necessary" for several classes, including all girls between school and marriage, for all young wives and all middle-aged women, with the just stress they lay upon the creation of atmosphere in the home. For atmosphere is not a work of art, once created and forever enduring; it is a laboratory product that must be distilled daily, and while woman can, and does, do most things excellently well to-day, she cannot in one life-time do *all* things and do them well.

The author of "Why Women Are So" adopts as a working hypothesis the theory that "the characteristic behavior called feminine" is an attitude of mind produced by coercive social habits of the past. She deals especially with the women of the nineteenth century, finding that they were for the most part what men expected them to be, their foibles being due to sex-tradition rather than sex-characteristics. This hypothesis is much more reasonable than the method Professor Coolidge takes to prove it. The first half of her book is very amusing, but hardly susceptible of verification. She assumes a typical woman of sixty years ago, re-creating from the pages of "Godey's Ladies' Book" and the "Books of Beauty" a frail, ignorant, silly, would-be genteel little person. She compares this invention, not with the hobble-skirted, heavy-hatted bridge-fiend of the last decade, but with the finest twentieth-century type imaginable, and then belabors the poor creature, her virtues, habits, education, clothes, all that is hers, until the reader revolts. Surely the author must, even now, meet many of the still-surviving nineteenth-century women of the better class. Few younger matrons have the force, wit, intelligence, and the curious depth of personality to be found in hundreds of the dames now between seventy and ninety-five. With all the modern girl's fine qualities, her opportunities are too numerous to profit by, and, as compared with her grandmother, she sometimes lacks depth and exhibits egotism. Nevertheless, it would be most unfair to reconstruct her, some sixty years hence, from

our current fashion plates and Mr. Harrison Fisher's pretty but soulless pictures. When Professor Coolidge abandons the attack on this mid-Victorian Frankenstein and begins to forecast the future, her observations, which are always entertaining, become at once judicious and as sound as it is possible to be upon a subject so little permitting dogmatism as the coming woman.

The gist of the lay reader's complaint against current sociology, when dealing with woman, is that it lacks insight into many elemental concepts of human nature and many long-established standards of worth; that it loses sight of all but economic values, and is pragmatic in the debased sense of demanding that woman's work for society be such as can be appraised in dollars. Just in so far as it does these things, it becomes arid and unprofitable. Few writers make all of these mistakes, and some make none of them. The author of "Woman's Share in Social Culture" has achieved the feat of becoming a sociologist and remaining exquisitely reasonable and human. The book has atmosphere, perspective, human interest; it is full of stimulus to thought and of an admirable justice and right-mindedness. To the sanity and lucidity so necessary in such studies, the author unites a keen sense of the eternal values. We have a right to demand this latter quality in work which cannot be broadly-based without it, yet thus far sociological writers have met that demand but meagrely.

CORNELIA A. P. COMER.

SHAKESPEARE'S SPOILED CHILD.*

"There is no drama, as all the world knows, upon which so much has been written as Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' Quick-witted heads (Herr Rötscher's excepted) have all had their say about it. After all sorts of fashions, lofty, profound, radical, superficial, polished, crude, desultory (Herr Rötscher's lucubrations not excepted), it has been æstheticised about, romanced about, dogmatized about, bemastered, berated, cut up, quibbled at, be-Hegeled, and be-Rötschered. A critical tower of Babel of amazing height and breadth has been reared, and for the same purpose as in the Scripture: to scale celestial heights, and, as the people see, with the same result. The celestial heights remain unscaled."

These words, in German, were written in 1846. Since then, "as all the world knows"—and sometimes wishes it did n't—"Hamlet" criticism has not stood still. But the celestial heights still remain unscaled. And if the author of our quotation could have known the reception a later generation was to give to the Werder lectures, published in 1875, he might have disapproved the connection of his name with Werder's as heralding a solution of the problem,—he might have disclaimed scaling any heights himself, and have suggested that Werder had missed his footing by proving too much in the concluding lecture of his course, where, with characteristic vigor in animating the minutest incidents of a scene, the inquiry is implied whether the revenge of the Ghost is accomplished after all, whether the minds of the assembled court know, or even suspect, the existence of a ghost, the murder of a king,—the minds that delay the revenge, according to the Werder argument; or whether, in the minds of the court, and perhaps the twentieth century audience of the play, the revenge of the Queen prompts Hamlet to actions or whether the King's real object with the poisoned cup and the envenomed point excite; a revenge in Hamlet easier understood by the audience for whom the play was written—an audience among whom duels were honorable and ghosts able to execute their own commands.

In any event, the Werder theory has received more adherents than any that have gone before. And certainly the vigor and terseness of Werder's style, in connection with the eloquence inspired by the rapture of his "discovery," have had the effect of rejuvenating a literary interest in the play. Werder aroused the combative spirits. Professor Bradley's work, published in 1905, took issue with the Werderites, and since then the Werder stock has been falling, while a new crop of Hamlet theories is materializing. Mr. Arthur Stringer has discovered Hamlet's malady to be Shakespeare's neurasthenia; and Dr. Ernest Jones has discovered it to be something worse, or better, according to your apprehension of his theory ("The Œdipus-Complex as an Explanation of Hamlet's Mystery: A Study in Motive," by Ernest Jones, M.D., "American Journal of Psychology," January, 1910). Not being a physician, I must leave Mr. Stringer to Dr. Jones, and Dr. Jones to his fellow-practitioners.

Mr. Venable's theory has been proclaimed as original, and certainly it is more intelligible to a layman than some of greater pretensions. That theory, briefly, is of a mystery within Hamlet, as well as in his external difficulties. Mr. Venable presents Hamlet as a reflex of ourselves, reflecting experiences in an inner world that are common among all human beings of every age and clime. Here are Mr. Venable's own words:

*THE HAMLET PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION. By Emerson Venable. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

"In view of the breadth of the author's design in this tragedy and the organic relation of the central person to that design, one conclusion is unavoidable: that since Hamlet, in the many-sidedness of his character, may be said to typify mankind, representing, as it were, the universal human, his internal struggle must be typical and representative."

This theory does not, however, in its main outline, differ materially from that propounded in 1888 by Mr. Martin W. Cooke, and answered in 1910 by Mr. Robert Russell Benedict ("The Mystery of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," Lippincott), who maintained that "Hamlet is plainly not a type, but one individual," for

"Shakespeare shows in all his other plays his interest in and knowledge of the individual, and it is this interest and knowledge, together with his poetic imagination, that have given us that gallery of human portraits which we recognize at a glance, and linger to study and enjoy. Nothing is more improbable, nor impossible, than that he should, or could, have entirely changed his mental habit and method of work in writing Hamlet."

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Mr. Venable's eloquent treatment of his subject is the importance he gives the soliloquies as representing Shakespeare's method of shedding light upon the progressive action of the drama. He represents these soliloquies as expressions in gradation "from immature to mature manhood, a mental and spiritual ripening." At the opening of the play, Hamlet is a "blown youth" —the inference of Mr. Venable being that he is considerably younger than at the close of the play, where the capricious text is accepted that suggests Hamlet has reached the mature age of thirty. It seems to me that in some of the earlier passages, notably in the scene with the Ghost, and in the scene where he unmasks his schoolfellows, the Prince has the poise of a seer,—is rich in experience, acumen, and wisdom. The scene in Ophelia's grave is excused by some as an outburst of youthful passion. While there is anything but mature mind here, the scene may be a concession by Shakespeare to the Elizabethan passion for personal combats, especially when a woman's honor was involved. It was not needed for the advancing of the action. Laertes was already in a vengeful state.

In any event, the soliloquies cannot be relied upon to explain away all the difficulties in the play. In passing, mention should be made of the doubt which the soliloquy in Act IV., Sc. iv., caused Shakespeare. It was dropped in the First Folio, and Professor Miles is entitled to more attention than he has received in what he has to say on the subject. In the words of Mr. Venable, his "Review of Hamlet" is a "sane appreciation" of the play. But Mr. Venable fails to mention this doubt, which it is perfectly clear Shakespeare had.

With regard to the celebrated speech of "To be, or not to be," Mr. Benedict and Mr. Venable are far apart. Mr. Benedict can see nothing in the passage but a rhythm so perfect in wording that it "drugs the senses and lulls the reader into a repose that neither doubts nor questions." It is incoherent in argument, and a dramatic discord in the play. Mr. Venable says nothing about its setting, but is impressed with its implication "typifying a universal human experience."

Mr. Venable's and Mr. Benedict's essays should be read together. They help each other by their opposite methods of treatment. Each whets an interest in the play. Each writer is charmed with this child of Shakespeare's brain. Perhaps the play cannot be spoiled so long as the critics use the rod only on each other.

CHARLES M. STREET.

THE LURE OF THE LAST WEST.*

If there were any doubt as to the widespread interest in Western Canada, it would be dispelled by a glance at the publishers' announcements. Hardly a month goes by without one or more new books on some phase of life in the country east and west of the Canadian Rockies—that vast region of prairie, foothill, and mountain, fertile valley and primeval forest, product of Nature's most opulent mood. Of five such books lately issued, the first describes a series of expeditions into the mountain region between the Kicking Horse Pass and the headwaters of the Fraser River; the second gives an account of an adventurous trip from Edmonton through the Yellowhead Pass, up the Fraser River, by Giscome portage to the Parsnip, down that stream to the Peace, through the mountains again to Fort Vermillion, north to the Hay River, and down that almost unexplored river to the magnificent Alexandra Falls; the third deals largely with northern British Columbia, that immense district, the resources of which are on the point of being opened up by two new Canadian transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern; the fourth

*TRAILS, TRAPPERS, AND TENDER-FEET IN WESTERN CANADA. By Stanley Washburn. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

NEW RIVERS OF THE NORTH. By Hulbert Footner. Illustrated. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

TEN THOUSAND MILES THROUGH CANADA. By Joseph Adams. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE WILDERNESS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST. By Charles Sheldon. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

DOWN THE MACKENZIE, AND UP THE YUKON. By Elihu Stewart. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

takes us to the extreme western limits of the country —the almost unknown islands of the north Pacific coast; while the last describes a journey down the Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson and up the Yukon to Dawson City.

In an entertaining volume of some 350 pages, Mr. Stanley Washburn describes his adventures in the Canadian Rockies, between the years 1897 and 1909. During this period he made some half-dozen trips into the mountains, at first confessedly as a "tenderfoot," afterward as a more or less experienced traveller. Sometimes with pack-trains, sometimes with canoe, he wandered far and wide throughout the lofty borderland between Alberta and British Columbia, camping by unknown rivers, or at the foot of towering, unnamed peaks, hunting mountain sheep and smaller game, or filling his kettle with fish from the clear, cold waters of some mountain stream. The book has the defects as well as the advantages of a gossipy, discursive narrative; but through it all runs the compelling charm of the wilderness, of days and nights beneath the stars, of misty mountain peaks, dancing streams, and the whispered music of the pines, of the trail that leads you know not whither, of unforgetable glimpses of Nature's fairyland, of the camp-fire, the evening pipe, and the yarns of hunter and trapper. And with it all is much practical comment on railway building, grades through the mountains, and the coming era of development in the new country to which the Yellowhead Pass is the gateway. Much, too, gleaned from old trappers and pioneers, of the vanishing days of the fur-trade, when Jasper House and Boat Encampment and the Tête Jaune Cache were familiar names, and the all-powerful H. B. C. ruled over an almost continental empire. That six summers in the mountains have not weakened the influence of the wilderness, would appear from Mr. Washburn's concluding words. "If all goes well," he says, "by the time these pages reach the printer's hands, Fred Stephens [the well-known mountain guide] and myself will be well down the turbulent waters of the old Fraser, poking into the lair of certain grizzly bears that he knows about, with the roar of the river, unlocked from winter's grasp, as our lullaby while we sleep with the blue canopy of heaven overhead and a foot of pine needles for our couch."

Mr. Hulbert Footner modestly disclaims his fitness to describe the "New Rivers of the North" which form the subject of his narrative. "It needs," he says, "a geologist, a botanist—and a poet to do them justice." It is conceivable that such a combination might not be an altogether happy one; and on the whole one may safely prefer this bird in the hand to three perhaps discordant birds in the bush. Mr. Footner is the sort of travelling companion any sane man would choose, in preference to a geologist, a botanist, or even to a poet—if one may say it without seeming offensive to those learned and ornamental members of society. He is an ideal companion to travel with through the pages of his book, and, from what one sees of him there, it is equally safe to say that he would be an ideal companion for any man on such an expedition as he so entertainingly describes. His narrative is instinct with the pure joy of the wanderer in wild places. At every bend of the river he makes you share the unalloyed delight of the traveller who knows not what may lie beyond that bend: what fascinating vista of mountain or meadow or unspoiled woodland; what blood-stirring glimpse of approaching rapid or waterfall; what bewildering labyrinth of islands, or lost channels, or elusive portage. He does not attempt to gloss the discomforts of such a journey: the inevitable rainy days, the accidents that must sometimes happen to canoe or tent or provisions, the inquisitive black fly and the industrious mosquito; but he makes one feel that with good health, an even temper, and the saving gift of humor, even the deadly "galley-nipper" may be endured, for the sake of the many things that are worth while in such an expedition. The earlier part of Mr. Footner's journey was over waterways which, although unfamiliar to most of us, were not altogether untravelled. When, however, he reached the banks of the Hay River, he was almost in unexplored territory. Bishop Bompas had descended the river in 1872 and discovered the falls; and twenty-six years afterward a three-man outfit, bound for the Klondike, had passed the same way. In 1887, R. G. McConnell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, had surveyed the river from its mouth up to the falls, but not beyond. Provisions ran short on the long journey down the Hay, the season was getting late, and Mr. Footner had almost despaired of reaching the goal of his ambition, Alexandra Falls, when, at the last moment, he came upon it unexpectedly. One shares his enthusiasm as he stands at the brink, where the great river "steps off into space."

> "After the invariable flatness and tameness of all the country above, this sudden cleft in the world impressed one stunningly. It had the same dramatic effect as the passion of a quiet man. I can only compare it to Niagara on a smaller scale, but Niagara as it must have burst on La Salle's eyes, sans tourist-hotels, power-houses, and railway bridges. Its charm was in its insolent wildness."

Mr. Footner secured a number of remarkable photographs of the falls, and these and many others taken elsewhere along his route add materially to the value of his volume.

Mr. Joseph Adams's book might be described as the narrative of an attempt to get off the beaten track in Canada. That he was successful in his attempt, his book bears witness. From French River in the east to the Skeena Valley in the west, this indefatigable and wide-awake English traveller made his way into many comparatively unfamiliar parts of the Dominion, noting everything that a man of very catholic tastes could find interesting. And as it was necessary in order to reach the more remote corners of the country to pass through the Eastern Provinces, as well as the rapidly growing and ambitious cities of the western prairies, Mr. Adams improved the opportunity by studying the social, industrial, and political life of the people as he went along. His book is, in fact, something of an ency-

clopædia of present-day Canada, written from the point of view of a sympathetic and fair-minded observer. If it has a fault, it is in the attempt to crowd too many topics, too many varieties of topics, into a 300-page volume. The reader is bewildered with the kaleidoscopic changes from Canadian scenery to Jesuit missions, politics, scientific angling, coöperative labor, natural history, folklore, agriculture, transcontinental railways, education, millionaires, chinook winds, horse breeding, irrigation, suffragettes, and the cost of living. On the whole, however, the book is well worth reading, and no part of it more so than the very clear and interesting chapter on Northern British Columbia, or New Caledonia, the tremendous and varied resources of which are even to-day only beginning to be realized.

Those who recall Mr. Charles Sheldon's "Wilderness of the Upper Yukon" will need no recommendation of this companion volume, "The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast." If anything, the last book is even better than the first. Mr. Sheldon now takes us with him while he hunts wapiti on Vancouver Island, the huge bear of Montague Island, and his brother of Admiralty Island, and the elusive caribou of the Queen Charlotte Islands. But while a keen sportsman and scientist, he is something more, as the following passage will witness:

"All winter my thoughts had turned toward Montague Island and its bears. Now the trip was accomplished and past. But all the incidents and experiences of it still linger with me. The beautiful, calm ocean voyage; the village of Nuchek and its natives; the snow-bound Zaikof Bay, where the air vibrated musically to the echoing voices of the waterfowl, where sweet bird notes sounded from the woods and the exquisite little humming-bird darted about my camp; the east coast, rock and reef bound, bordered by white breakers and dotted far out from shore by foam from the sea surging over the reefs; the high, rugged snow-capped mountain ranges; the hilly woods, resplendent glades, deep canyons, gorges, and dashing cascades; the rumble of sliding snow in the mountain-girdled basins overlooking the ocean below; the violent storms, and gloomy, blank days passed in the inhospitable barra-barras; the irresponsible natives; the joyous fulfilment of spring in the wilderness."

Here, again, one must feel grateful for the many excellent photographic illustrations that help so materially to keep the reader in intimate touch with Mr. Sheldon's narrative.

In the year 1906, Mr. Elihu Stewart, as Superintendent of Forestry for the Dominion of Canada, made a journey on behalf of the government down the Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson, and by way of the Porcupine to the Yukon and Dawson City. His official report is a valuable public document, and contains a great deal of very important material on the timber and other resources of the immense region through which he travelled; but in the very nature of things, he had to omit from that report many interesting details of his journey, relating to the country and its native and occasional civilized inhabitants. These details he has brought together in his volume entitled "Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon." With the addition of some thirty photographic illustrations, for the most part taken by himself, Mr. Stewart has succeeded in producing a very readable book, and one that adds something of value to the scanty literature of this remote region. One incident may very well suggest the quality of the book. On the outer edges of civilization, before one actually jumps off into the land of the Indian and fur-trader, there are certain very primitive and uncomfortable inns called "sleeping places." Says Mr. Stewart:

"I had the honour of occupying a place on a wide bed made on the floor of one of these road houses. Among the company were Bishop Young of Athabaska Landing, the late Bishop Holmes, then Archdeacon of Lesser Slave Lake, a Roman Catholic priest from Peace River, and several half breeds. Bishop Young and I agreed to 'double up' under the same blankets, while the Archdeacon and Père Lazaret made the same arrangement. After each of the men of Holy Orders had offered up his evening devotions in his own forms, the priest and the archdeacon, who were neighbours in the mission field, commenced a conversation, not in the native language of either, but in Cree. There was no affectation in this. Father Lazaret was of course familiar with French but knew very little English, while the archdeacon was not particularly fluent in French; but a common ground of communication was found in the tongue of the Cree Indian in which both were equally at home."

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Art origins in many lands.

During the last twenty years, the amount of good work that has been done in the domain of art history, by the systematic and well-regulated labors of trained explorers and excavators, is truly enormous. Even the last half-dozen years have revealed some thirty palæolithic picture-galleries, as well as much sculpture of the same period. Through these, we have learned that the origins of art are much more remote than formerly they were supposed to be; also, that even in these remote periods, there were traces of varying phases,—sometimes spasmodic development, sometimes stagnation, sometimes retrogression. Reports of these "finds" have been issued from time to time, mainly through technical bulletins or journals. Few, except specialists, perhaps have realized either the amount or the value of the new knowledge. Some general and connected narrative has been much needed. Hence, "The Childhood of Art" (Putnam), by Dr. H. G. Spearing, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, is a book to command attention. It is, in fact, so fully up to date that it makes more or less note of everything thus far published and of some things so new as to be yet unpublished. The geologist, the archæologist, the ethnologist will each find something in his own field; and all will be especially grateful for the 482 reproductions in black and white and the sixteen color plates, some of which now appear for the first time. The sub-title of the book is "The Ascent of Man," and this subject is traced from prehistoric times to the beginnings of Greek Art. But the volume is far from being merely a technical work. The style

is so vivid, the treatment so picturesque, that the narrative is as entertaining as it is enlightening. The cave men painted or carved, not as we do for decoration or diversion, but mainly for the sake of creating fetiches or charms, thinking thus to gain some mysterious power over the objects represented. Clean, firm, unhesitating strokes were distinctive of palæolithic artists; they were mighty hunters as well as close observers of wild animals; they drew neither from life nor from models, but from memory. Although the cave man must have had a hard time fighting for his existence, he managed to exercise his faculties of perception and memory and to create works of art that are far superior to any by the modern savage. What became of the palæolithic man with his acute artistic perception and his simple manner of life, no one knows. The centre of artistic interest shifts next to Africa and Siberia; later to Egypt, Chaldea, Crete, and Greece. In each case, the stimulus to artistic effort was given by impulses wholly unconnected with any desire for works of art. Palæolithic man evolved his art from a desire to have control over the forces of nature; the Asiatic from a desire to display his control over his fellow-men; the Egyptian from a desire to secure a dwelling-place for his spirit after death; the Greek from a desire to secure the earthly presence of his gods. Yet in all the history of art, there is no single instance of an artistic race going forth to conquer. Strange paradox of fate! The bearers of the light are doomed to death, and yet the light survives and glows.

A scientist's discussion of varied subjects.

The heterogeneous collection of essays and addresses by Sir Oliver Lodge brought together under the title, "Modern Problems" (George H. Doran Co.), may seem to some readers a mere jungle of "shoes and ships and sealing-wax." Still, it well deserves the dignity of the name "book"; for, according to the definition of Ruskin (whom Sir Oliver so delights to quote), it is "a wise man's work honestly and benevolently done." Through the apparent miscellaneity there is evident the unity of a great and sympathetic man's mind; from the successive flashes on this and that subject, a reader soon learns to locate and revere the writer. The range of theme is truly amazing. It is doubtful whether any other recent writer in an age of specialization has shown so many clear-cut facets to his thinking, or approached so many fields with a like preparation and adequacy. Here one finds philosophy ("Balfour and Bergson"), science ("The Nature of Time"), literary criticism ("The Responsibility of Authors"), sociology ("The Position of Women" and "Some Social Reforms"), economics ("The Functions of Money"), and ethics ("The Pursuit of Wealth"). The author's sphere, so far as manifested in this book, is not creative in any field; there is nothing here that is altogether new. But there is a wealth of luminous illustration and a delightful lucidity and sanity of interpreting power. The discussion of the old fallacies of motion, Zeno's and others, in "The Nature of Time" will be found good. This essay, together with "Balfour and Bergson," reprinted from "The Hibbert Journal," "The Responsibility of Authors," an address delivered before the Society of Authors in 1909, and "The Pursuit of Wealth," an address to Evening Students at Liverpool given in 1886, are among the most valuable pieces. Space will not permit of quotation, though many passages would richly merit notice for style as well as substance. Admirers of Professor William James will find numerous evidences of stylistic as well as intellectual kinship between these two great contemporary men of science and letters. Perhaps there appears more of the indulgent patriarch in these essays than in the writings of the American, but there is nevertheless the same charm of intellectual *camaraderie*.

Four months' outing with the Atlantic Fleet.

Life on a United States battleship, even in the piping times of peace, is not devoid of ever-varying interest and excitement, as is made evident by Mr. Robert W. Neeser's report of his four months' sojourn on the "Kansas" during a practice cruise of the Atlantic Fleet in Cuban waters. "A Landsman's Log" (Yale University Press) tells the story of his experiences, describing minutely and realistically the daily routine, the various drills and inspections, the spectacular and awe-inspiring gun-practice, the recreations and holiday diversions of the sailors, and other things little known except to those who go down to the sea in ships of war. An early conversation with the Navigator of the "Kansas" left the author bewildered by the variety of his new knowledge and unable to retain it all. "But one thing that I do remember," he says, "perhaps because it was the easiest thing to comprehend, was that part of his [the Navigator's] special duties that related to his position as librarian of the ship. And then I found out what a splendid collection of books, works on geography, history, professional subjects, travel, fiction and general literature, is at the disposal of every officer and enlisted man on board Uncle Sam's ships wherever they may be. . . . The American Navy was the first to institute the custom, and the first ship's library was placed on the old ship-of-the-line *Franklin* in the early twenties. Few agencies in recent years have done more to raise the tone of the enlisted men in the service, to improve their standards of character and efficiency, and to add to their contentment, than these well-selected libraries which are now placed on board our ships. Scores of men may daily be seen, scattered about the decks during the idle hours that necessarily do occur even in the busy life of a modern man-of-war, reading, or with pencil and paper working on some problem." Twenty-six pages of naval statistics and other related information follow the narrative. Some of these items might need correction to bring them up to date, as for example the average annual cost of maintaining a battleship, which is given as $682,517.18, including repairs, whereas later figures, if we mis-

take not, make it considerably more than eight hundred thousand dollars. At any rate, it is sure to reach the million-dollar mark in the super-dreadnaught of the near future. Many excellent views, mostly from the author's own camera, heighten the attractiveness of his volume.

A century of social progress in Europe.

It is no doubt worth while, from time to time, to attempt a survey of the social achievements of the immediate past. What the nineteenth century accomplished, in the way of social amelioration, will suggest what the twentieth century may be able to accomplish. Of such surveys we have already a considerable number; we need more of them, however, and therefore welcome Professor Frederic Austin Ogg's little volume, "Social Progress in Contemporary Europe" (Macmillan). One who attempts to cover the whole social movement in Europe through a century of rapid change is necessarily forced either to select carefully the topics for treatment, or to describe events in the barest outline. The latter is the alternative chosen by Professor Ogg. As a consequence his book reads like a chronicle, rather than like a history. The reader is inclined to put it aside as a manual for reference. Yet if one does read it from cover to cover, the final impression is inspiring. All these old institutions destroyed and all these new institutions created through the unfolding of a single vital impulse, the democratic movement, the realization of the aspirations of the common man! Such at any rate is the philosophic basis of Professor Ogg's work. Other social philosophers will raise the question whether the social changes of the last century may properly be regarded as the unfolding of a single social force. The early nineteenth century gave us liberalism; the end of the century gave us social democracy. Are not the two principles essentially antagonistic? One who believes this to be true will read not without impatience a book which sums up under the caption "social progress" all movements, whether in the direction of liberalism or in the direction of social democracy. Social insurance is not progress, from the liberal point of view. Free trade is not progress, from the social democratic point of view. Nor is progress from the one point of view purely negative from the other. Accordingly it is an open question whether social historians can profitably treat of social progress at all,—whether they would not best confine themselves to the more modest task of describing social change.

A flying tour through France.

The breezy American style of Mr. John U. Higinbotham's "Three Weeks in France" (Reilly & Britton Co.) makes the book diverting from cover to cover. That its humor should repeatedly remind one of Mark Twain will, we hope, be taken by the author as a compliment. "There are two towns in Monaco," says Mr. Higinbotham, "Monaco proper and Monte Carlo which is not." "The American away from home," we read, "behaves worse than when at home. The Parisian does not. He cannot. He has not the facilities." "At Nîmes, with a cupola over the 'i,' we found an up-to-date hotel with an electric-lighted room and a bathtub resembling a small natatorium." A little later in his description of the same place, the author says, with rare consideration for the printer: "I will not mention the name of the town with great frequency for fear of running out of 'i' shades, but you will remember where we are." The book, with its twenty-three chapters of rapid comment and description and anecdote, and no single page or paragraph devoted to Paris, proves very conclusively, if proof were wanted, that there is a France, and one well worth visiting, apart from the gay metropolis. It is a book that may induce readers to go and convince themselves of this truth by actual experience. "Equipped as she is with excellent railroads, comfortable hotels, magnificent scenery and centers of historical interest, she [France] is a model host that all the world might copy to great advantage and profit. Whatever is worth doing, is, to France, worth doing well." Good illustrations from photographs accompany the reading matter, but their lavish profusion is paraded neither on the title-page nor in any table of contents.

Records of the English house-wife.

It will doubtless be refreshing to many readers, in these revolutionary days, to turn from the teeming records of suffragist discussion and activities to such a book as Miss Rose M. Bradley's "The English Housewife in the 17th and 18th Centuries" (Longmans). Here, at least, one finds the old household gods firmly fixed in their old places. At the very outset, on the title-page, stands a text from that chapter of Proverbs from which our great-grandmothers chose the verses corresponding to their birthdays, embroidered them on their samplers, and founded their lives upon the precepts they embodied. A good portent this, and in the following pages it is easy to trace King Solomon's impress on the hearts of the long line of house-wives who have kept faith from Tudor days, through the varying fortunes of the reigns of the Stuarts — with the chill interregnum of the Commonwealth — to the larger opportunities of Georgian days. Much gossip, it is true, enlivens Miss Bradley's chapters, but there is also an abiding sense of honest scholarship in the patience with which old letters, old diaries, old cookery books, and old ledgers have been studied, and made to yield so much that is valuable as well as interesting. It was not an easy thing to rule the household province over which the lady — the loaf giver — of the past was set. Her duty it was to see to the spinning and weaving of the flax and wool, which furnished the bedding and napery for her great family; hers to keep the plate and pewter; to oversee the cooking and the labors of the still-room. She it was who must see that her servants were fittingly clad; as well as that her sons went to the wars, her daughters

to their bridals, and herself and her lord to the pleasures of the town and court in seemly comfort and splendor. She had the ordering of orchard and garden and herb-beds, of poultry-yard, of dairy, and often of the preserving of game. Upon her shoulders were laid the care of the aged, and the medication of the ill; and all the gentle graces of hospitality must be at the tips of her capable fingers. Sometimes she had a long purse at her command, sometimes but a short one; but throughout her story, shifting from generation to generation, one is always conscious of the basic qualities of devotion to duty, of regard for position, and of a sincere wish to be helpful and gracious. Several illustrations from old sources add to the interest of Miss Bradley's entertaining volume.

A cruise to the tropics in a tramp steamer.

The awe and mystery of the wide ocean and the nameless terrors of the dense tropical forest are just sufficiently felt by the reader of "The Sea and the Jungle" (Dutton) to make him glad to take on trust the somewhat rough experiences therein described, and to leave to the author, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, the actual encounter with the varied hardships and dangers through which he seems to have a happy faculty for making his way unharmed. From Swansea to South America, up the Amazon and far up the Madeira River, in the tramp steamer "Capella," Mr. Tomlinson made his adventurous way, and somewhat in the manner of Mr. Joseph Conrad he tells his story, interweaving as he proceeds the yarns spun on shipboard by one and another of his mates. The voyage into that density of luxuriant tropical growth appears to have been undertaken to ascertain the feasibility of opening a route for freight boats in connection with a new railway line projected by some daring capitalists, and having its location near the boundary line between Brazil and Bolivia. Para, "a flat congestion of white buildings and red roofs in the sun," is touched at on the way, and is made the subject of a good descriptive passage. The captain of the "Capella" is an interesting character with an almost superstitious aversion to talking about "getting there," as if such talk invited disaster. "He laughed from his mouth only, throwing his head back, showing surprisingly perfect teeth, and laughter did not change the crystalline glitter of his eyes." Portions of the book have already found acceptance in various leading periodicals.

Wordsworth as poet of nature and poet of man.

"The history of Wordsworth's mental and spiritual unfolding" is usually more interesting to the student than consideration of his style, and it is this former aspect that Professor Elias Hershey Sneath considers in his volume entitled "Wordsworth, Poet of Nature and Poet of Man" (Ginn). The French critic, M. Legouis, has already admirably covered this field as far as the early life of Wordsworth is concerned; and in his treatment of the same period Professor Sneath does not vary much from his predecessor, as he readily admits by frequent quotation and reference. Naturally the Frenchman pays considerably more attention to the influence of the Revolution, and to the personal contact of the poet with Beaupuy (who is mentioned only once in the volume under review and that quite casually) than does the American. For all spiritual biographies of Wordsworth, "The Prelude" is, of course, the ultimate source; and Professor Sneath uses it on every page, especially for those years of the poet's development when he was tried in the fire and not found wanting. The more familiar poems are also used to furnish forth a conception of Wordsworth's teaching about man and nature, especial attention being given to the great "Ode" and "The Excursion." The poet is made his own interpreter, by means not only of the poems but also of the critical prefaces and letters, so that one is enabled to study him at first hand. While it can hardly be said that we have in this volume a distinctive contribution to Wordsworth scholarship, we have nevertheless a sympathetic presentation, from the point of view of the student of philosophy, revealing Wordsworth as the poet of our common humanity, as one who has realized the joy that comes through suffering.

Two opposite tendencies in literature.

The struggle between paganism and idealism, a strife that some writers choose to speak of as the conflict between Hellenism and Hebraism, serves as the main theme of "Among Famous Books" (Doran), by John Kelman, D.D. English authors are mainly chosen for treatment in illustration of these two contrary tendencies, though the opening chapter is devoted to the gods of Greece, and the third contrasts Goethe's "Faust" with Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." Bunyan, Pepys, Carlyle, Pater, the late Francis Thompson, and a number of living English writers, give matter for comment and discussion in the remaining eight papers or lectures — for as such they were originally prepared and delivered — of this attractive volume. In his assertion that Pater "does not force himself upon his readers, nor tempt even the most susceptible to imitate him," the author ignores the parodies and the imitations that "Marius the Epicurean" and other productions of the same pen have actually evoked; but he well says that "unless a man's style is absolutely offensive, which Pater's emphatically is not, it is a wise rule to accept it rather as a revelation of the man than as a chance for saying clever things." There is much excellent reading in Dr. Kelman's book, and perhaps it is all the more enjoyable if one does not try too hard to separate the paganism from the idealism in the authors discussed. We are all partly pagans and partly idealists.

The Italian as he really is.

Timely and interesting is Mr. Richard Bagot's little book on "The Italians of To-day" (F. G. Browne & Co.), written both to remove certain British prejudices against Italy's people in general, and more particularly to refute the widely circulated calumnies upon the Italian army in its late conflict with Turkey.

Mr. Bagot has lived long in Italy, and has learned to know the people as few foreigners ever take the trouble to do. His earlier volume, "My Italian Year," made this evident; and his present work reiterates things there said, and adds new ones. Beginning near the bottom, he describes first the peasant, then the artisan, after that the professional classes, and continues with chapters on "Government and Aristocracy," "Church and State," and "The Italian Soldier." A short chapter on "Modern Italian Literature" calls attention to foreign ignorance of all but a very few present-day Italian authors, those few having enjoyed the advantage of wide advertisement without being necessarily the best or the most representative of their class. What Mr. Bagot has to say on anti-Italian calumnies is uttered with warmth and in a persuasive manner. The probability undoubtedly is that he is better informed than were the English and other newspapers that first printed these accounts of alleged discreditable proceedings on the part of the Italian government and the Italian army. The book is highly readable and leaves an impression of fair-mindedness and first-hand knowledge.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Alfred W. Benn's "History of Modern Philosophy" (Putnam) is a manual of modest dimensions, written in the lucid and distinguished manner which we expect from the author. Mechanically, the book makes the fatal mistake of exchanging the portraits of Hegel and Schopenhauer, which has certainly made the latter philosopher turn in his grave.

Messrs. Hinds, Noble, & Eldredge publish a volume which will be peculiarly acceptable to high-school students who are interested in debating. It is entitled "Both Sides of 100 Public Questions Briefly Debated," and has been compiled by Messrs. E. D. Shurter and C. C. Taylor. The subjects are all questions of the day, and the references, although adequate for high-school purposes, are not overwhelming in quantity.

The American Book Co. are publishing a series of "Masterpieces of the English Drama," under the general editorship of Professor Felix E. Schelling. Each volume includes four or five plays, and the following three have appeared: Marlowe, by Professor W. L. Phelps, Webster and Tourneur, by Professor Ashley H. Thorndike, and Beaumont and Fletcher, by Professor Schelling. The collection bids fair to become an American "Mermaid Series."

"Alphonsus Emperor of Germany" is an Elizabethan play which was published in 1654. Professor Herford characterizes it as "a crude and sanguinary travesty of an imperial election dispute in which the chief interest attaches to a wholly mythical love affair." The play is attributed, uncertainly, to Chapman, whose name is on the title-page. Mr. Herbert F. Schwarz has edited a facsimile reprint of the work, which is now published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The second series of "Famous Speeches," selected and edited by Mr. Herbert Paul, comes from Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. The addresses included are representative specimens of modern and contemporary oratory, and reveal to the student of public speaking (for whom the collection is intended) the constantly widening of scope and subject matter in the eloquence of to-day, the comparative concentration and use of facts and reasons in modern addresses, as well as the gradual development of oratory in accordance with traditions and ideals of the past.

The inexperienced author will find in Mr. R. D. Blackman's "Composition and Style" (Edinburgh: John Grant) a serviceable manual dealing with the use of correct English as well as with the general details of printing and publishing. Since the first edition appeared, several years ago, numerous handbooks similar in character have been issued from time to time; but the clearness and explicitness with which it sets forth rules of best usage, with free use of illustration, will maintain for Mr. Blackman's manual a permanent place among books with rival claims.

In "Childhood in Art" (Chicago: Altrua Art Library), Mrs. John B. Sherwood aims to summarize briefly a few of the best-known pictures of children, representing the work of artists since the time of the Renaissance to the present day. Numerous illustrations accompany her sympathetic descriptions, and convey in part the evanescent spirit of childhood which only a limited number of the world's great artists have caught successfully. The small volume also contains a list of over one hundred paintings of children, with the name of the artist and of the gallery where the painting may be found.

In "A Handbook of Norse Mythology," Mr. A. Clinton Crowell has made a translation from the Danish of Karl Mortensen's popular handbook of the myths and sagas of the North, long in use for the study of Norse mythology in the schools of all the Scandinavian countries. The author traces in his introduction the general outlines of Norse mythology, contrasting its more sombre aspects with the brighter myths of the Greeks. The stories are told in a clear and vivid style, and a chapter on the hero sagas — poetic representations of life midway between myth and history — concludes the volume, which is published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

"The Family: An Historical and Social Study," by Dr. Charles Franklin Thwing and Carrie F. Butler Thwing, is reissued in revised and enlarged form by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Since 1885, when the book was first published, the demand for it as a college text-book in sociology has steadily increased, carrying with it in recent years a parallel demand for bringing its figures and statistics down to date, as has been done in the present volume. Tested by several years of use, the soundness and permanency of its historical parts in particular are generally accepted; the chapters devoted to sociological study have been rewritten in the light of the results of recent social investigations.

Mr. Le Roy Jeffers, of the Circulation Department of the New York Public Library, has prepared a second and revised edition of his useful "List of Economic Editions" (of well-known books), which the Publishing Board of the American Library Association issues in a 32-page pamphlet. The editions named are not to be regarded as in all instances desirable, except for inexpensiveness, and this is clearly stated in the Introduction. If it were practicable, in any future revision of the work, to indicate such editions as are both cheap and otherwise desirable, especially in the matter of durability, the usefulness of the list to libraries and individuals forced to study economy would be increased.

Notes.

"The Dust of the Road," a novel of theatrical life by Miss Marjorie Patterson, will be published in this country by Messrs. Holt.

A new novel by Mr. Upton Sinclair, entitled "Sylvia" and dealing with life in the South, will be published in May by the John C. Winston Co.

Mrs. Lionel Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody) has recently completed a new dramatic poem, which will be published in the fall by Houghton Mifflin Co.

The author of "The Helmet of Navarre," Miss Bertha Runkle, has in press with the Century Co. a new tale of adventure and romance entitled "The Scarlet Rider."

"Personality," a study by Dr. F. B. Jevons, author of "Comparative Religion" and "The Idea of God in Early Religions," will be brought out shortly by Messrs. Putnam.

An important volume in connection with the "increased cost of living" problem is to be issued immediately by the George H. Doran Co. in Mr. J. A. Hobson's study of "Gold, Prices, and Wages."

Three volumes soon to appear in Messrs. Duffield's series, "Plays of To-day and To-morrow," are Dr. Vollmoeller's "Turandot: Princess of China," an adaptation from Carlo Gozzi; Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers"; and Mr. S. M. Fox's "This Generation."

It is good news that "Cymbeline," in the "New Variorum" edition, is now in press and will be published in the early summer by Messrs. Lippincott. "Julius Cæsar," the seventeenth volume of the set and the third play edited by Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., is appearing this month.

All persons possessing letters of the late Clara Barton are earnestly requested to send them to Mr. Stephen E. Barton, 85 Water Street, Boston, Mass., for use in connection with the preparation of the authorized biography of Miss Barton. All letters sent will be carefully handled, copied, and originals will be promptly returned to the owners.

The important "Cambridge History of India," recently announced in these pages, will be published in this country by the Macmillan Co. It is planned now to publish the first volume of the history, which is to be complete in six volumes, within a year, the remaining instalments to appear subsequently in chronological order at regular intervals of six months.

A notable series of books on the social evil, prepared under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, of which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the chairman, will be published by the Century Co. The first volume of the series, "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," by Mr. George J. Kneeland, is now in press, and will appear in May. This will be followed in the early summer by "Prostitution in Western Europe," by Dr. Abraham Flexner. Other volumes will be announced later.

Among the books on Messrs. Holt's spring list which have not previously been announced in these pages are the following: "On Ten Further Plays of Shakespeare," by Dr. Stopford A. Brooke; "The World Soul," by Mr. Fielding Hall; "Science from an Easy Chair," by Sir E. Ray Lankester; "Marxism vs. Socialism," by Professor V. G. Simkhovitch; "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot," by Mr. Ralph Stock; "The Living Plant," by Dr. William F. Ganong; "Popular Botany," by Messrs. A. E. Knight and Edward Step; "Commercial Credit," by Professor J. E. Hagerty; and "The Child: Its Care, Diet, and Common Ills," by Dr. E. Mather Sill.

Lady Scott, the widow of Captain Scott, has telegraphed from New Zealand that her husband's journal is in her possession "excellent and complete." The journal will be published in London by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., in its entirety, while the "Strand Magazine" will print two or perhaps three preliminary articles. No arrangements have yet been announced regarding American publication.

"The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," which will appear this month under the imprint of Messrs. Putnam, has been prepared for publication under the general auspices of the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee, which was formed in 1906. The work, complete in six volumes, has been in the hands of a sub-committee, of which Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has been chairman, and the editing has been done by Mr. Frederic Bancroft.

Mr. Everard Meynell, a son of Mr. Wilfred Meynell, has now nearly finished the "Life of Francis Thompson' upon which he has been engaged for several years. It is based on unpublished letters, fragments of diaries, the reminiscences of friends, and other trustworthy sources of information. The collected edition of Thompson's verse and prose, edited by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, will be published immediately in three volumes. A large amount of hitherto unpublished material will appear in this edition.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, as we learn from the London "Nation," has in hand the interesting task of completing perhaps the best of his earlier works, "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." The earlier book was written before the appearance of "John Gabriel Borkman," "Little Eyolf," "The Master Builder," and "When We Dead Awaken," all plays of great beauty and significance, and marking a separate period of Ibsen's dramatic method and critical thought. These works, Mr. Shaw insists with some truth, are treatments of dead people — of men and women who have done something, but whose life-work is finished when as yet the death of the body is remote — a numerous and worthy class in this country and elsewhere. Mr. Shaw also proposes to describe the changes in dramatic technique which Ibsen introduced and developed in the series of realistic plays beginning with "The Doll's House."

Edward Dowden, the Shakespearean scholar and for over forty-five years professor of English literature in the University of Dublin, died in that city on the 4th of this month. He was born at Cork in 1843, and received his education at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin. In 1888 he was elected President of the English Goethe Society, succeeding Max Müller; and has held honorary positions in several other literary or educational organizations. His published works are numerous, and cover a wide field of literature. Besides "Shakspere: His Mind and Art," the "Shakspere Primer," and his editions of the Sonnets and individual Shakespearean plays, he wrote "Studies in Literature," "Southey," "Life of Shelley," "Transcripts and Studies," "New Studies in Literature," "The French Revolution and English Literature," "A History of French Literature," "Puritan and Anglican," "Robert Browning," "Michel de Montaigne," "Essays: Modern and Elizabethan," a volume of original verse, and editions of several modern poets.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 102 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

A Small Boy and Others. By Henry James. With photogravure frontispiece, 8vo, 419 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Windham Papers: The Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. William Windham, 1750-1810, a member of Pitt's First Cabinet and the Ministry of "All the Talents." With Introduction by the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Rosebery, K. G. In 2 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Small, Maynard & Co. $10. net.

Nelson in England: A Domestic Chronicle. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 274 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The Story of Don John of Austria. By Padre Luis Coloma, S. J., translated from the Spanish by Lady Moreton. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 428 pages. John Lane Co. $4.50 net.

Theatrical and Musical Memoirs. By Rudolph Aronson. Illustrated, large 8vo, 283 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $2.75 net.

Sir Roger L'Estrange: A Contribution to the History of the Press in the Seventh Century. By George Kitchin. Illustrated, large 8vo, 440 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. net.

Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record of His Work and Opinions, with Eight Essays on Discipline and National Efficiency. Edited by his son, F. Maurice. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 287 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $3. net.

Guerilla Leaders of the World. By Percy Cross Standing. Illustrated, 8vo, 294 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Tyrone Power. By William Winter. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 12mo, 192 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

HISTORY.

The Grandeur that Was Rome: A Survey of Roman Culture and Civilization. By J. C. Stobart, M. A. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 4to, 352 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $7.50 net.

The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe. By B. Granville Baker. Illustrated, large 8vo, 335 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The Fall of the Dutch Republic. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Illustrated, 8vo, 433 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

The Empire of India. By Sir Bampfylde Fuller. Illustrated, 8vo, 394 pages. "All Red Series." Little, Brown & Co. $3. net.

A Modern History of the English People. By R. H. Gretton. Volume I., 1880-1898. 8vo, 448 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

Hawaii Past and Present. By William R. Castle, Jr. Illustrated, 12mo, 242 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

An Outline History of China. By Herbert H. Gowen, D. D. Illustrated, 12mo, 208 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.20 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The English Lyric. By Felix E. Schelling. 12mo, 335 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope. Compiled from the Cannon Hall Papers, 1806-1873, by A. M. W. Stirling. In 2 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo. John Lane Co. $10. net.

The Correspondence of Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet. Edited by William Aspenwall Bradley. 8vo, 230 pages. Boston: Merrymount Press. $3. net.

The Frenzy of Suibhne: Being the Adventures of Suibhne Geilt. A Middle-Irish Romance. Edited, with translation, introduction, notes, and glossary, by J. G. O'Keeffe. 8vo. London: David Nutt.

A Study of the Short Story. By Henry Seidel Canby, Ph. D. 12mo, 273 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1. net.

'Tis Sixty Years Since: An Address. By Charles Francis Adams. 8vo, 66 pages. Macmillan Co. 75 cts. net.

Essays on English Poets and Poetry from "The Edinburgh Review." By Francis Jeffrey. 16mo, 591 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. net.

The Shakespeare Myth. By Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bt. 12mo, 31 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. Paper, 10 cts.

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